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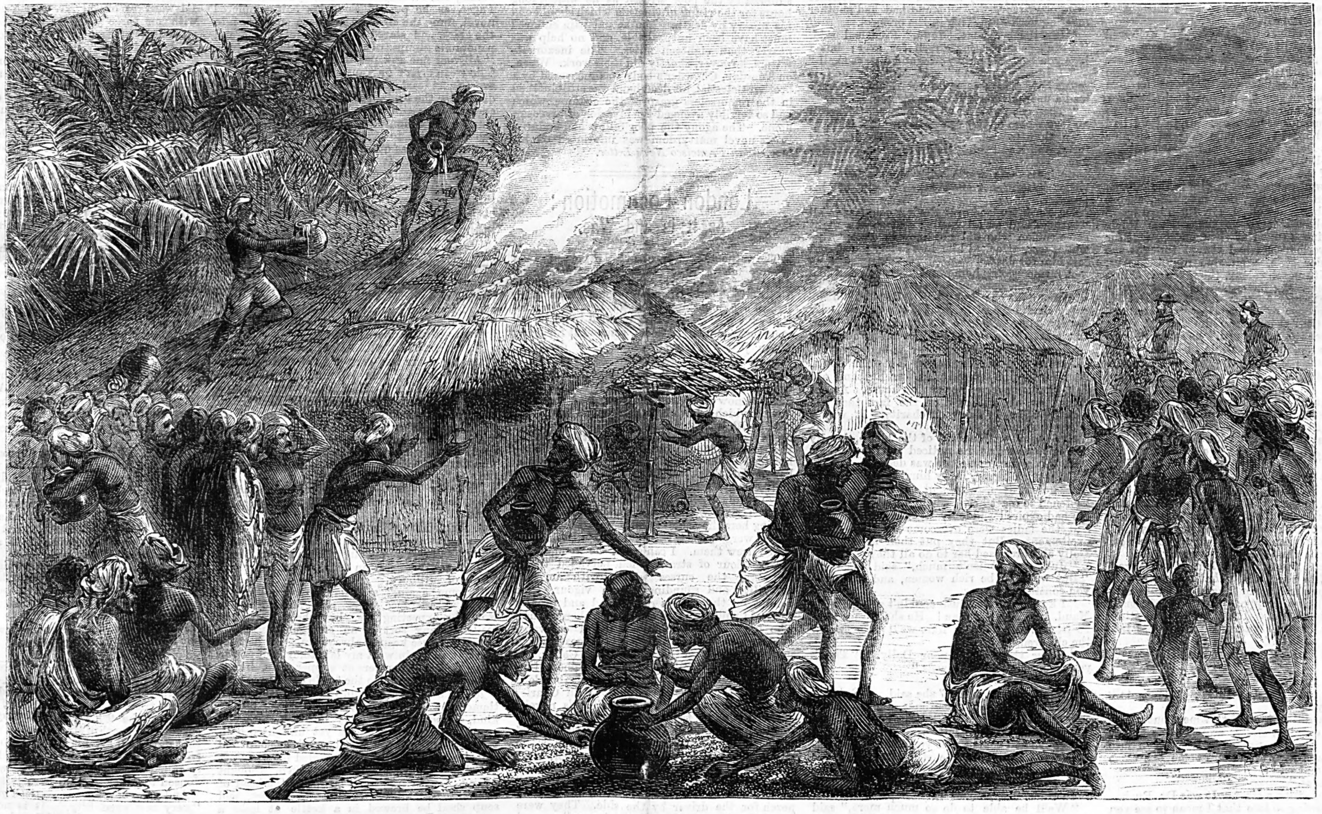
Famine Scene in Bengal.

Arson is now going hand-in-hand with famine in Bengal, adding to its horrors. The object of the incendiaries is to gain possession of the rice that may be stored in the houses amid the confusion caused by the rapid spread and destructiveness of the flames. A graphic description of the scene depicted by our artist on this page recently appeared in the correspondence of Mr. Archibald Forbes. "The low walls of a Hindoo cottage," he says, "are built of mud, sometimes solid, sometimes plastered upon wattled straw and bamboo. The sloped roof is a framework of bamboo thatched with straw. The furniture consists of a chaspoy, or bedstead or two, a few blankets, and several kotlies, or grain receptacles." Mr. Forbes thus describes the scene when a hungry raid was made upon the kotlies and their contents: "The cordon of clamouring Brahmins and Rajpoots had been drawing closer and closer to the burning house, and presently there was a rush. The men who were saving their rice got hustled somehow into the background, and a little mob of hungry desperadoes tumbled in under the blazing roof. Some caught up a kotlie bodily, and, carrying it out into the open, let it fall. The rice, of which it was full, streamed out into the dust, and then the wolfish instinct got the mastery, and the whole crowd dived at it madly, fighting and tearing each other for the handsful of mixed rice and dirt. Some cowered flat on the ground, covering little heaps which they had raked together, but which they felt would be wrested from them, if they moved and exposed them. Others scooped dust and rice together into the corners of their dhoties, and then gathering up the edges of the cloth, made a bolt with this instalment of irregular salvage. It was impossible to interfere, for the people were maddened by greed and the opportunity of pillage. All we could do was to stand by the wretched women who were moaning under the people-tree, and do what we might to protect for them at least the few basketsful that had been saved before the dam of robbery and license broke." While this saddening scene was taking place the flames spread rapidly, and there was only one man, of all the throng, who displayed any energy in putting forth efforts to extinguish the conflagration. In the presence of a disaster, where promptitude and courage are imperatively needed, the Hindoo heart appears to suffer collapse, and resigns itself helplessly to the heaviest blows of fate. And it is this defect of character—this want of energy in trying circumstances—which makes it more difficult for the British officials in India to cope with the horrors of the famine.



FAMINE SCENE IN BENGAL.

On Daddy's Knees.

The engraving, to which the above title is given, shows the interior of a woodman's hut, where "Tot," in the temporary absence of her mother, sits perched perfectly happy on her father's knees. Though the furnishing of the smoky cabin is scanty enough, there is cheerfulness in the log-fire that makes the pot-boil, in the kittens having a game at hide-and-seek among the branches encumbering the floor, and in the tremulous eagerness of the child to catch hold of the smoking chimney-top of her Daddy's grand pipe. The fixed gaze and groping fat fingers of the little one show plainly enough what she would be at, but the careful father keeps her off at a safe distance on the ridges of his knees, listening well-pleased the while to her childish prattle.

Does it Rain?

The artist, in the illustration with the above heading, has charmingly shown how the simplest movements, if accompanied by natural dignity and grace, heighten the effect of a picture. The lady who, provided with a parasol, has come out on the terrace for a walk, casts her eyes in the direction of the drooping summer clouds, and instinctively raises the back of her delicate hand to feel if she can catch any stray drops of a passing shower. She may have heard a slight patter on the leaves, but she seems dubious whether it is worth while to care much about a sprinkling of rain which is likely to be slight. At all events there is shelter near at hand, even in the untoward event of the threatening shower growing into a thunder-storm.

Adventure in a Forest.

The expeditionary party, depicted in our last illustration, have come unexpectedly, in the depths of the African forest, upon an ugly customer in the shape of a monstrous and ferocious gorilla, who, after doing some execution, has managed to clutch hold of a dangerous weapon, which he might use with deadly effect. The blue-jackets just arriving on the scene, at the right of the picture, do not seem to relish the look of the "foul fiend" driven to bay against the trunk of a great tree; but the steady and deliberate aim, which the officer in front is taking, gives good hope that the minutes of the savage beast are numbered, and that the next discharge of the rifle will cause him to bite the dust. In the strength and malignant ferocity of the gorilla, well brought out by the artist in our engraving, there is something superbestial which amounts to fiendishness, and it is not surprising that the public were rather incredulous when M. Chaillu reported the existence of a race of these hideous animals in the forests of Africa. Subsequent explorations, however, confirmed the general truth of General Chaillu's statements, and gorilla-hunting began to take its place among the pastimes of adventurous sportsmen. So savage is this animal in its nature and habits that there is only one instance on record of a gorilla being tamed.

Watching a Burglar.

At Marlborough-street Police-court, London, Henry White, *alias* Field, *alias* Hurschfield, traveller, Upper-street, Islington, was charged before Mr. Newton with entering the house 200, Piccadilly, and stealing from the person of Mr. Robert Garden, army contractor, a gold watch and chain, value £45. He was further charged with assaulting Police-constable Waters, C 112. Police-constable Waters said that on Sunday night he was at the rear of 200, Piccadilly, and on looking through a grating into the kitchen saw the prisoner walking about and examining different articles on the walls. The prisoner caught sight of him, and came up the steps and asked him what he was looking at. He asked the prisoner who he was, and the prisoner replied, "I am Lord —," mentioning a name he could not remember. The prisoner added that he was the master of the house, and that all was right. He then closed the door. Witness left the court and went into Chapel-place, and on looking back saw the prisoner peep out of the door. Suspecting something wrong, he went again to the back of the house and watched. The prisoner took down a small oil painting in the kitchen and tried to put it into his pocket. A person, whom witness afterwards ascertained to be Mr. Garden, was fast asleep in a chair all the time. The prisoner went up to him, unfastened his watch chain, and the chain fell down. This awakened the sleeper; the prisoner took up a glass from the table and pretended to drink, and Mr. Garden went to sleep again. The prisoner again approached him, pulled the watch chain from his pocket, held it in his hand, and then walked upstairs into a ware room. He went to the front entrance in Piccadilly and came out, but on seeing the constable went back into the house. Witness again proceeded to the back of the premises and saw the prisoner in the kitchen with Mr. Garden. He got another constable to watch in the court while he went again round to the front entrance. He concealed himself in a doorway, and observed the reflection of a lamp in the shop. Afterwards the prisoner opened the shop door and came out, leaving it on the jar. At the same moment he saw a watch chain hanging from his hand. The prisoner walked a few yards, then returned to the house and extinguished the light he had left in the shop. The prisoner came to the door, looked up and down Piccadilly, went back into the shop, and came out with a portmanteau in one hand, the watch and chain hanging down in the other, and an umbrella under his arm. Witness ran across the street and seized the prisoner, who lifted his hand and struck him. They struggled together, and the prisoner began kicking him on the leg. He summoned another constable to his assistance, and the prisoner said he had done nothing. He told the prisoner he should take him to the station, and the prisoner threw away the articles he had in his hands. The prisoner at first gave no address at the station. Afterwards witness saw the prosecutor, and was told by him that he did not know the prisoner nor how he got into the house. It was stated that the prosecutor was unable to attend. The prisoner said he did not know what had occurred. He had drunk two bottles of champagne that day. He was remanded.

Horrible Tragedy at Fort Garry.

Mr. John Bruce, ex-President of Riel's original Provisional Government, has supplied to the *Manitoba Gazette* the following statement relating to the execution of Thomas Scott on the 4th of March, 1870, under sentence of "a tribunal of war:" "Six soldiers had been chosen to shoot Scott. I have here to write the name of a man whose behaviour in that circumstance reflects on him the greatest honour. Augustin Parisien, one of the six soldiers, declared openly that he would not shoot at Scott; and, in fact, he took off the cap from his gun before the word of command—'Present!' was given. Of the five balls remaining only two hit the poor victim, one in the left shoulder, the other in the upper part of the chest, above the heart. Had the other soldiers missed the mark unintentionally, or had they willingly aimed too high, too low, or aside? It is unknown. However that may be, as the two wounds were not sufficient to cause death—at least, sudden death—a man named Guillemette stepped forward and discharged the contents of a pistol close to Scott's head while he was lying on the ground. This ball, however, took a wrong direction. It went into the upper part of the right cheek and came out somewhere about the cartilage of the nose. Scott was still not dead, but that did not prevent his butchers from placing him alive, and still speaking, in a kind of coffin made of four rough boards. It was nailed and placed in the south-eastern bastion, and an armed soldier was placed at the door. This would seem like a story made at one's ease if there were not several witnesses full of life who heard, between the hours of 5 and 6 in the evening, the unfortunate Scott speaking from under the lid of his coffin, and it is known that he had been shot at half-past 12. What a long and horrible agony! and what a ferocious cruelty on the part of his butchers! The words heard and understood by the French Metis were only these: 'My God! my God!' Some English Metis, and others speaking Scott's tongue, heard distinctly these words: 'For God's sake, take me out of here, or kill me!' Towards 11 o'clock—that is, after ten and a half hours of frightful agony—a person, whose name I shall withhold for the present, went into the bastion and gave him the finishing stroke, with a butcher's knife, according to some; with a pistol, according to others. That same person, after having inflicted the last blow to poor Scott, said, as he was coming back from the bastion, 'The dog shall not speak any more; he is dead this time.' The corpse was left in the south-eastern bastion a few days, being kept by soldiers, relieved each in their turn. On the third or fourth night, I could not say precisely which, the corpse was taken out of the bastion, placed in Dr. Schultz's sleigh, taken towards the Red River, and stopped about one mile and a half from the fort, nearly opposite the River La Seine. By means of a large stone tied to the corpse, the body of Thomas Scott went to the bottom of the river, to come thence no more. A few words more and I am through this horrible tragedy. It was in the afternoon of the day when the execution occurred that the corpse was placed in the coffin, and it was later taken out of it in the bastion; but, in order to avoid suspicion, a grave had been dug inside the gate facing the Assiniboine River, a few steps to the right, and it is there the coffin which was thought to contain Scott's body was lowered." Louis Riel, who ordered or sanctioned the execution of Thomas Scott, has been, it will be remembered, elected a member of the Dominion House of Commons, and there was great excitement at Ottawa when it transpired that, on 30th of March, he went to the clerk's office, took the oath, and signed the Parliamentary roll. It is stated that a military force was kept in readiness to act in case of need. It appears that a true bill was found against him on the charge of murder, and that a warrant is out for his apprehension. The case was discussed in the House, and an order was made that he do attend in his place. But it was doubted whether he would judge it safe to make his appearance.

Love or Money.

There were three Miss Gillets, spinsters, who lived with their Uncle Gillet, a bachelor, in their old stone house at Atwater, and in pointing them out to strangers the Atwaterites were accustomed to remark upon the fact that it was love or money with them, and that a Miss Gillet who married would cease to be her uncle's heiress.

Nobody knew just how much Mr. Gillet was "worth," but that he was uncommonly wealthy was certain. He had no other living relations but these three girls, and his peculiar prejudices rendered it unlikely that he would will his wealth away to any benevolent or public institution whatever. So to whom could he leave the gold that he could not take out of the world with him, unless it were to Georgina, Maud, and Dolly Gillet?

All regularly instituted public charities Mr. Gillet declared were "frauds;" and friends he had none. He averred that friendship was "all humbug." As for marriage, it was, in his opinion, something which all sensible people eschewed.

The fact that in his earliest youth a dear friend had stolen from him the affections of the girl to whom he was betrothed, and eloped with her on the very eve of his wedding-day, was at the bottom of all this. He trusted no one, because the two beings he had once loved and trusted had deceived him.

When his brother and his wife died in one week of a fever, the bachelor-uncle had done his best for the young people. He managed their little income, and provided luxuries for them which their means would not have allowed. He educated them, and allowed them a few female friends. But as they grew up, one law was maintained with inviolable rigidity. There was to be no courting and no marrying beneath his roof. Beaux were utterly forbidden, and it was understood in the family that the Miss Gillet who married would be blotted from her uncle's will.

"What infatuation! They'll fight like cats and dogs in a year," he would exclaim when wedding cards were sent to him. "Take warning by this poor couple, who don't know what is before them, girls. Oh, what infatuation!"

And Miss Georgina Gillet would shake her head, and her younger sisters would follow her example, and they would cry in chorus:

"What infatuation!"

They were pretty girls, tall, slender, red-cheeked and blue-eyed; little ears like pearl, little mouths like coral, dainty waists and cunning hands—girls to be loved and married by nature; but there was Uncle Gillet's money. So they grew up and grew older, still single, and not one of them had ever had a thought of marriage in all her life.

There was Oliver Robb, who had followed Georgina about to and from church for a year. I don't think he wanted the heiress. I believe he loved the girl; but what use was it? Georgie had given him a glance or two, and he had found favour in her sight; but he had only a clerk's salary, and it would be so delightful to handle thousands of her own. And Maud had met Fred King in the apple orchard once or twice; but Dolly had never had even a passing flirtation—Dolly who was now eighteen, and the prettiest of the three.

It was a well-understood matter in the village, as well as in the family, that marrying, a Miss Gillet lost her inheritance. Dr. Rush had heard it, and believed it to be true, when Uncle Gillet, having a touch of rheumatism, sent for him to prescribe. He had always thought the three slender girls, with ripe round cheeks, dappled with peach colour, the prettiest things he had ever seen; but when he stood face to face with Dolly, he fell in love with her. He looked after her as she went out of the room, and Uncle Gilbert looked at him sharply.

"My niece is a pretty girl," he said. "I see you think so. She's a sensible girl, too. They are all sensible girls; they prefer a single life and pecuniary independence to the miseries of marriage."

"By your advice, I believe," said the doctor.

"They consider me a man of experience, and I'm entitled to respect."

"But are you not rather hard, sir?" said the doctor. "A beautiful girl like that—"

"Hard!" cried Uncle Gillet. "What's love worth? It fades in a week, and is stone dead in a year. What do men give their wives but deceit and neglect? Either the wife deceives the husband, or the husband the wife. Better never to love than to see love die. They used to sing a song when I was a boy: 'Love not.'

"'Love not; the thing you love may die:
Love not; the thing you love may change.'

It's a sensible song, sir. That's a dear little girl. I hope she'll never fling herself into anyone's arms, to be dropped when the sweetness has been kissed out. That's a wife's destiny. If she ever does, no money of mine goes into the brute's pockets."

"All the fault is on the man's side?" asked the doctor.

"It's a miserable muddle altogether, this marriage," said Uncle Gillet; "don't talk about it any more."

Dr. Rush did not, at that time; but about dusk next evening, Dolly, crossing the bridge just out of Atwater, paused to look down into the water, and then and there some one came behind her and said:

"Miss Gillet."

She turned, with a start. It was Dr. Rush.

"It is growing so late that I mean to see you home," he said. "I have just left the good uncle; he is better. He will be well in a day or two. He has a strong constitution, and is a man to live to be a hundred years old."

"I'm very glad," said Dolly.

"I think you are seventeen," said the doctor.

"Well," cried Dolly, "ladies don't tell their ages; but I am that and a year more."

"Your uncle is fifty," said the doctor. "You'll probably be sixty-seven when he leaves you."

"My goodness!" cried Dolly; "how terribly old!"

"You don't really mean to live single all that time?" asked Dr. Rush.

"Of course I do," said Dolly.

"I don't mean to let you," said the doctor. "I'm in love with you. If mortal love has any power, I'm going to call you my wife. Confound the money. I'll give you all you can need, and I'll try to give you all you want. Of course you don't care for me; but I'll make you. Want me to swear it?"

"O dear *no*," said Dolly. "You are very nice, and I'm sure I—but I don't. I can't ever. O goodness! don't talk so."

"You can't ever like me?" asked the doctor.

"No, I don't mean that," said Dolly. "I can't ever *marry*."

"But you'll take a walk over the bridge to-morrow?" said the doctor.

"Well, perhaps so," said Dolly.

And so she did. She took a great many; and at last, one day Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger, and to kiss her on her lips.

"I shan't have a penny," said Dolly. "You are sure you don't mind?"

"All the pennies we want I can earn myself," said the doctor.

"And uncle will be so angry?" said Dolly.

"But I am so glad!" said Dr. Rush. "And you must tell the truth at once, and marry me in a month. Promise, Dolly."

Dolly promised.

Georgina and Maud sat at work together that evening, while Uncle Gillet read to them. Dolly was not sewing. She held the work, it is true, but her hand never moved toward the needle. She did not hear a word that was uttered; but when at last there came a pause, she dropped the muslin and started to her feet.

"If you please, uncle," she said, "there's something I must tell. I can't keep it secret any longer. It isn't a bad thing—it's a good thing; only I know you'd be angry. I'm going to marry Dr. Rush."

Georgina and Maud screamed in chorus.

"We don't care for losing the money," said Dolly. "Money is nothing compared with love; but we want to be friends here at home. As for things left in wills, it's a miserable sort of hope. I'm glad I shan't have any. If you'll only not be angry, and come to see us, and let's come and see you, that's all we hope. He's perfectly splendid, dear Richard Rush is. I love him, and he loves me, and we're to be married this day month, no matter what anybody says."

"You are, eh?" said Uncle Gillet.

"Yes, sir," said Dolly.

"And he knows my opinions?"

"Of course," said Dolly. "He knows that except the money I have for clothes, I'll never get a penny."

"Then make fools of yourselves if you like," said Uncle Gillet.

"You'll come to the wedding, won't you?" asked Dolly.

"No; but I'll let your sisters go," said Uncle Gillet. "I never go to weddings or executions."

So the wedding came off.

Dolly, in white muslin, married her Richard Rush. Georgina and Maud wept, as custom required, and spoke of their sister as "poor Dolly." They were very kind, as to a beloved, but misguided lunatic, and gave her useful presents, and promised to "do all they could for her."

Dolly did not feel that she needed anything. They seemed poor to her, those heiresses who had no one to love them. She went to her husband's home, and never a cloud came between them, and never a change fell upon their love.

Uncle Gillet never made them a present, but he came to dine sometimes, and always kissed the last baby. As for the Misses Gillet, they had no means at command though they had such fine prospects. Oliver Robb had been dismissed long before by Georgina. She had told him plainly that she could not sacrifice mammon to love. And Maud had had another meeting with Fred King in the orchard.

"It's the last time, Maud," Fred had said. "I can't go on offering myself for ever; but I love you better than my life, and always shall."

"I like you, Fred" said Maud, "and it seems hard; but uncle will not relent. I can't lead a poor woman's life even for you."

"Then good-bye, Maud," said Fred. "There's no love where money can be set against it."

So they parted. And now Georgina was forty, and Maud thirty-eight, and Dolly thirty-five.

Business was worse with the doctor. A richer practitioner had taken much of his practice.

Dr. Rush trudged over the low country, in all weathers and at all hours; and so one night some ruffian who did not know how empty his wallet was, attacked him in a lonely place, and left him for dead.

A farmer going homeward early carried him home in his cart, and he was cared for as well as might be; but a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder are no light matters, and Dolly hardly knew what to do or where to turn. She was only sure of one thing, her love for her Richard, which grew greater with every trial.

For the sake of this she put her pride down. And leaving the servant with her husband one day, trudged over to her uncle's house. As she drew near, she reflected on the fact that she was actually in need of charity. It was a bitter thought.

She paused within sight of the house, hardly daring to go on, as she noticed that the blinds were all down. Some one was dead.

Faint with terror, Dolly hurried on. In the hall her sisters, who had seen her coming, hastened to meet her. Uncle Gillet was dead. He had expired suddenly at the dinner-table, and the ladies were overcome with grief and excitement. But they put their arms about Dolly and promised her to do all they could.

"Just now it isn't much," said Georgina "But we shall be rich women, and will keep you constantly."

"I knew poor Dr. Rush couldn't get on," said Maud. "Poor dear man! He shall see we can be friends; and if you like, we'll take two of the children."

"Never that," said poor Dolly. "Thank you; but they are our jewels."

Georgina sighed.

"Uncle meant kindly," she said. "But it is hard. We're lonely sometimes, Dolly. Maud only meant that."

Then Dolly's heart melted.

"They shall come to see you often," she said.

And she went into the still room and wept over the quiet figure lying there; and went home again with her dole of wine and jelly, and a few coins.

"We'll be able to do so much more," said Maud "when the will has been read."

"You've paid dearly for yielding to me, Dolly," said the suffering man, as she ministered to him. "Don't you wish you were still Miss Gillet and an heiress?"

But Dolly said "No," from her heart. Neither did she feel anything but tender sorrow for the prejudiced old man, whom she had been very fond of. "I chose," she said to herself, "and I chose well."

She went to the funeral, Georgina sending her the black dress. And as she sat in the parlour afterwards, awaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past; and the monotonous rendering of the saids and aforesaids made no impression upon her until her own name caught her ear. Then she looked up. Maud and Georgina were both staring hard at her.

"What is it?" she asked. "I did not hear."

Maud had covered her face with her kerchief, and was crying. Georgina had flushed as red as a peony.

"It means that we've been slaves all these years for nothing," she said. "You are the heiress. What have you been thinking of, that you have not heard?"

What Georgina said was true. Eccentric to the last, Uncle Gillet had left all his fortune to the niece who had married, because, as he tated, she had proved to him that there was such a thing as love in the world, and had left to his single nieces, who had crushed their hearts for money's sake, five hundred dollars a year, lest some fortune-hunter should marry them for their money.

Yes. Dolly was the heiress; and Dr. Rush might take his own time in getting well, and have no anxiety about the flour barrel and the coal cellar, and for this reason Dolly was glad; but she said to her sisters that what was hers was theirs, and soothed them with a loving kindness for their disappointment.

Georgina lives with her still, but Maud does not. Fred King heard of what had happened, and came back to Atwater. He had a bald head, and her pink cheeks were gone; but they both remembered the apple orchard, and so there was another wedding. And somebody told me, the other day, that Oliver Robb, having lost his first wife, had been heard to say that Georgina Gillet was the finest looking lady in Atwater, if she were forty. So who knows what may happen yet?

A Terrible Fate.

We were on Tuesday put into possession of the details of the death of a Chinaman on the Coronades, on Monday, that eclipse in horror the death scene described by Victor Hugo in his "Toilers of the Sea," in which a devil fish is introduced with graphic power. Our readers know that the abalone meat is a prized delicacy of the Chinaman, and that the shell of the abalone, when properly polished, is one of the most fanciful and beautiful things in nature. The abalones are generally sought lower down the coast, but are also found in the neighbourhood of San Diego. On Monday, Fung Chou, a professional fisherman, residing near Roseville, known among Americans by the nick-name of "Chowder," started out to the Coronades in his boat to hunt for abalones. Of course his movements can only be surmised by the event. The supposition is that he moored his boat and began his quest. The Coronades are quite abrubt in their formation—precipitous, but occasionally broken. "Chowder" saw an enormous abalone in the cleft of the rock, in a place covered with water when the tide was in, and throwing himself on his stomach he dropped over the ledge to wrench the delicacy from its fastness. Abalones are univalvular, and if in detaching one from the rock to which it can fix itself almost immovably one happens to not wrench it loose at once it often closes its single shell on the rock, prisoning the spoiling hand and causing inexpressible agony. This was poor "Chowder's" fate. As his evil star would have it, the abalone was unusually large, and the poor Chinaman unable to release himself must have early realised that he was doomed. From his position, leaning over the rock, he could not brace himself or obtain any leverage by which at the sacrifice of the hand, if need be, he could tear himself free. We can imagine the agony suffered by the poor wretch as he waited long hours for the rising of the tide which should end his misery by death. The actual pain endured must have been unspeakable, and no help was nearer than eighteen miles. The inexorable waters, however, shortly did their work. When, on Tuesday, Chowder's body was recovered by a brother Celestial, his dead hand was still clutched in the remorseless grasp of the abalone, which had so terribly avenged the invasion of his rocky home. The agony the poor fellow had endured in his novel martyrdom was imprinted on his face.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

London Locomotion:

As It Is and Was.

The value of a picture is very often enhanced by a pendant, to serve as a contrast, being added to it; and it is with this design that ere I speak in detail of London locomotion as it is, I shall say something briefly of London locomotion as it was. I shall be enabled to go, so my younger readers may deem, somewhat far back. I can just vaguely remember the death of George IV. Why that melancholy event should be associated in my mind with a yellow chariot upon high springs I do not, and perhaps shall never, know; but, for the record of the time during which I have been suffered to live, I can recall with tolerable accuracy the events of just forty years. I can see myself, a little child, at the Bull and Mouth in the Regent-circus, being hoisted to the summit of the "Age" coach, bound for Brighton. The gala procession of mail coaches on May-Day was a sight which much younger persons than I can remember. I can see vividly the old hackney coaches—the glaring heraldic achievements with which their panels were daubed, the lamentable Rosinantes which drew them. I can smell the wonderfully musty odour of straw which pervaded them, and hear the curses which, with amazing volubility and sounding Saxon vigour, were vented by the always dissatisfied and usually tipsy old ruffians in many-caped "benjamins" who used to drive those shameful caravans. Faintly I can discern the "short stages" which used to start from the White Horse Cellar, the Green Man and Still, and the old Holborn inn-yards, and of which you will find abundant notice in the "Sketches by Boz," in Charles Lamb's essays, and in Theodore Hook's novels. Then my mind turns to the omnibuses imported from Paris by Mr. Shillibeer, the funeral postmaster — very narrow and comfortless vehicles, and with no seats on the roof, were they—and to the first cabriolets, likewise Parisian importations — rickety "Stanhope" bodies, with huge sheltering hoods, and a little perch for the driver by the side. They were generally painted a staring red or yellow, and they bumped fearfully. I remember the first appearance in the streets of London of the first cellular van for prisoners, which vehicle, from the Royal crown and cypher emblazoned on the panels, was at once nicknamed by the quick-witted mobile "Her Majesty's carriage." Its other more dismal and more mysterious sobriquet of "The Black Maria" originated, I believe, in Liverpool. Much nearer our own time came the monstrous advertising vans—quadrilateral hoardings upon wheels, reaching to the second-floor windows of ordinary houses and placarded by the Willings of the period with proclamations of all kinds of shows, nostrums, monsters, and trade announcements. The advertising van nuisance reached its culminating point about twenty years ago, when it was put down by Act of Parliament; but meanwhile there had been growing up a locomotive scourge still more intolerable, in the shape of the railway van—a vehicle powerfully built, possessing tremendous momentum, horsed by powerful animals, and driven cleverly but recklessly. In crowded streets these "van demons," as poor Shirley Brooks used to call them, are constrained perforce to move slowly; but in the narrow avenues of the slums their pace is often furious, and fraught with peril to the poor little callow broods of brats who, for lack of playgrounds for the poor, are sprawling in the gutters; while in a quiet street luckless enough to lie in the line of route from a railway terminus—such a street, for example, as Gower-street or Guildford-street, Russell-square—the passage of a railway van, its edifice frequently crowned by a yelping cur, is a source of annoyance by day, and by night, of terror to the nervous, and of agony to the sick; scarcely inferior, indeed, to the anguish caused by the clanging of church bells, the ringing of which in a crowded city has become not only a nuisance but a preposterous absurdity. The church-going bell in a rustic vale is delicious; in London it is simply disastrous.

I can perceive no appreciable difference between the brewers' and distillers' drays, the coal waggons, and the market carts of thirty or forty years since, and the cognate vehicles which traverse the thoroughfares at the present time. Their numbers have, of course, been greatly augmented; and to me it seems that red nightcaps, among the draymen, are dying out, and are being replaced by wide-awakes and billycocks; that there are more trousers and bluchers than knee-shorts and ankle-jacks among the coal-heavers and dustmen than was the case long syne; and that market gardeners more frequently appear now-a-days in moleskin jackets than in smock-frocks. As regards the costermongers, their barrows have grown much longer than of yore, and their trade impedes the traffic to a much greater extent than was formerly the case; since the shopkeepers in populous thoroughfares, jealous of the competition of the "costers," incite the police to "move" the barrow-men "on"; thus the luckless hucksters, incessantly harried by the constables, find no rest for the soles of their feet or for the wheels of their "shallows." Yet do these barrows constitute, in reality, ambulatory markets, patronised to an amazing extent by the poor, who fancy that they can make better bargains with the street-sellers than with the shopkeepers, and who, in London at least, show a reluctance, the reasons whereof are inscrutable, to support such general markets as those with which Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and other great provincial cities are so abundantly provided. Covent-garden, in its retail sense, is resorted to almost exclusively by the affluent classes; the new market opened a few years since at King's-cross became within a very few weeks a melancholy failure; and collapse as dolorous—from which, I fear, it will never recover—has been the fate of the magnificent emporium erected at Bethnal-green by the admirable Lady Burdett Coutts. It takes a hundred years, they say, to make a market; but Chicago is not yet half a century old; and the City of Lake Michigan can boast half a dozen markets which can put all London's to shame.—*G. A. Sala.*

A Dressing-Closet Comedy.

"It's getting prodigiously dull up here among the Welsh mountains," yawned Alfred Paget, as he pushed aside his half-completed novel, flung the cigar he had been smoking into the grass, and stared drearily across the grand panoramic glimpse of mountain, vale and river. "All very fine and poetic, I don't doubt, but a fellow can't live on rapture and grandeur for ever. At least, *I* find it to be rather a cloying diet, after the bridal parties and college coteries, and gay city visitors have gone. I thought I could stand it for a month, but I find I can't. So I'll pack my trunk to-night, and get back into the civilised world as quickly as possible."

Alfred Paget was a handsome young lawyer, with dark, laughing eyes, a curly pate and a general fashion of making the best of everything that was worth much more to him than his annual income—a rising lawyer, in a rising town, with rising aspirations.

For when Mr. Justice Ellsgrove came around to Millbury on circuit, his pretty daughter Matilda was with him — and Mr. Paget had waltzed with the city belle at an evening assemblage, and carried her pink parasol at a daylight picnic, and worn a rosebud culled from her bouquet in his button-hole, and, in short, Mr. Paget had had the audacity to fall in love with Matilda Ellsgrove.

"I am not rich," said Alfred to himself, "but I suppose there was once a time when Justice Ellsgrove himself was a young lawyer, beginning the world. Matilda is as beautiful as a Peri, and when I get back to Millbury, and make sure that there is no press of immediate business awaiting me—which there won't be," with a little sigh and a grimace, "I'm not sure that I won't take a run up to London, just to see what is astir. A man ought to keep pace with the age."

How easy it is to persuade ourselves that we *ought* to do just exactly what is most agreeable to us.

A long, jolting journey in a four-wheeler to the nearest station, and at eight o'clock of a starry summer's evening, Mr. Paget found himself, portmanteau in hand, upon the pavements of Millbury.

"Home again," said our hero to himself. "Not a bad place, after all. Mrs. Hopkins won't be expecting me, but she's invariably ready for any sort of an emergency. These boarding-house keepers always are. I'll just let myself quietly in with my latch-key, and pop in upon the other boarders at supper-time, like a sun-burned vision from the world of mountains."

And Alfred Paget, who, like most other gentlemen, detested making a "sensation" of any kind, slipped his night-key into the latch and groped his way along the as yet unlighted hall, where there was the usual smell of soup and boiled cabbage, oddly intermingled together.

"When I have a house of my own," thought Alfred, "with queenly Matilda at the head of it, cabbage shall be an unheard-of diet, and soup shall be brewed in a kettle at least a quarter of a mile away from the premises. Let—me—see! Jones's room—old Miss Marshall's room—my room!"

He opened the door, and to his surprise the red glimmer of a cheerful little wood-fire was dancing on the twilight walls.

"This is strange," thought Mr. Paget. "No, it isn't, either! Bernard saw me coming down on the boat. Bernard has told Jones—Jones told Mrs. Hopkins—and of course she's expecting me. Very considerate of Mrs. Hopkins to light a fire; but then, of course, she knows I've been living rather luxuriously in Wales, and she wants to let me down easy! I'll just get on my old dressing-gown and have a comfortable smoke before supper."

"Thus meditating, Mr. Paget strode to the little closet where he usually kept his belongings.

"Hallo!" cried Alfred, staring around him. "It's full of gowns, and frilled petticoats, and women's things! I haven't made a mistake and gotten into old Miss Marshall's room, have I? But Miss Marshall don't wear pink silk dresses and black velvet basques trimmed with ostrich feathers! It surely must be that—"

But before he had opportunity to frame any arther conjectures, the door of the closet was violently slammed to, and he found himself a prisoner in utter darkness.

"Lock it, Maggie! Bolt it! Drag the dressing-bureau and all the chairs in front of it!" shrieked a hysterical feminine voice. "I tell you I saw him myself—a great big, brutal-faced man, with muscles like a blacksmith, and six feet high at least! We shall all be murdered—we shall be garroted! I dare say it's that run-away convict from prison that your father—"

"Let me out," a muffled voice pleaded from within. "It's a mistake, madam! I'll explain it all! I am *not* a burglar!"

"Here's his bag full of jemmies and skeleton keys, and horrid daggers and things," went on the voice. "I *told* you it was unsafe to leave the doors unlocked, Maggie, but you never pay any attention to what I say. Call your papa quick, and tell him to bring his big oak stick and the revolver. Quick, before I faint away on the spot!"

"Let me out, I say!" again roared Alfred Paget.

"Run, Maggie, run! Don't you hear how violent he is?" pantingly ejaculated the voice on the other side of the door, and with the sound of light-running footsteps along the hall, came also that of more chairs, tables and wood-boxes being barricaded against his prison-cell.

"What's all this?" demanded a deep bass voice. "A burglar! Nonsense, Clara, my dear, nonsense!"

Alfred stood still, with a curious sensation, half of amusement, half annoyance, as he recognised the voice to whose judicial thunders he had so often reverently listened in the crowded court-room—Judge Ellsgrove's own.

"What the deuce does it all mean?" he asked himself, and awaited further developments with a sort of enforced composure.

"Here," quoth the judge, "stand aside. Let me get this trash away from the door. I'll settle the fellow's business in about two seconds whomsoever he may be."

"Don't be rash, papa," pleaded Matilda's sweet, tremulous voice, "Aunt Clara says he was a dreadful-looking brute. Hadn't I better call one of the waiters?"

"A waiter! What for?" scornfully demanded the judge;' and at the same second he opened the door wide.

"Walk out here, my man," said he; and accordingly Alfred walked out.

"Good evening, Mr. Justice," said he, a little sheepishly. "Good evening, Miss Matilda."

"Mr. Paget!" ejaculated the judge. "Why, what does this mean? How came you in my daughter's wardrobe?"

"I am sure I beg her pardon," said Alfred, beginning to see the ludicrous side of the question; but I supposed I was going into my *own* dressing-closet."

"Dear, dear," chimed in Mrs. Hopkins's voice from the door, where a motley crowd of servants, spectators, and boarders had by this time congregated. "It is all my own fault, I do believe; but who was to suppose Mr. Paget would come home from the mountains three weeks earlier than the time he set—and surely there wasn t any harm in letting Miss Ellsgrove and her aunt have the rooms while they were empty, now was there? And they going back to London the first of the week. Not as I'd want to offend Mr. Paget, as has boarded with me three years or thereabouts, and the most quiet and reg'lar payin' gent. as there is in the house."

"And we have invaded your premises!" said Matilda, colouring, "and my aunt has pronounced you a runaway convict, and we have both taken you for a burglar. O, Mr. Paget, how sorry I am! What *must* you think of us?"

"Think, Miss Matilda?" cried Alfred Paget. "Why, that I'm very glad you have honoured my little bachelor den with your occupancy. Pray, don't let me intrude on you any longer; Mrs. Hopkins will give me a room somewhere up stairs, as long as you will consent to make use of this one, and when I come down to the supper-table by-and by, we'll have a hearty laugh at the insolent burglar who was prowling among your pink silk dresses."

And with a smile and a good-humoured bow Mr. Paget went away up-stairs, following the lead of Mrs. Hopkins, who rained voluble apologies as she trudged along.

"Oh, papa, isn't he nice?" said Matilda, "How good-naturedly he took it! How polite he was!"

"A very sensible young fellow," said the judge. "For it *was* an awkward blunder, come to think of it."

"But what else could one think?" pleaded the discomfited Aunt Clara. "A *man* in one's room at this time of the evening, just as one comes in from shopping! But now make haste, my dear Maggie, or we shall never be ready for supper."

Matilda Ellsgrove put an extra pink ribbon-bow in her hair as she went down to the evening meal. For she *had* been a little disappointed at coming to Millbury a week ago, and learning that Mr. Paget was among the mountains.

The Ellsgrove party remained a week longer; and when they went away, Alfred had promised to spend the Christmas holidays at the judge's New York mansion.

"It's Paget's luck, right straight through," grumbled another envious young lawyer. "Now you'll see the end of it will be he'll marry Matilda Ellsgrove. Two to one he'll marry her before six months are over."

Nobody took up the young lawyer's wager; but he was right, nevertheless.

INCIDENT IN DICKENS'S LIFE.—Forster and Dickens, the two attached friends, are met for the last time, on the 22nd of May, 1870 (Dickens died on the 9th June following), when this ensues. The death of Mr. Lemon, of which he heard that day, had led his thoughts to the crowd of friendly companions in letters and art who had so fallen from the ranks since we played Ben Jonson together that we were left almost alone. "And none beyond his sixtieth year," he said, "very few even fifty." It is no good to talk of it, I suggested. "We shall not think of it the less," was his reply; and an illustration much to the point was before us, afforded by an incident deserving remembrance in his story. Not many weeks before, a correspondent had written to him from Liverpool describing himself as a self-raised man, attributing his prosperous career to what Dicken's writings had taught him at its outset of the wisdom of kindness and sympathy for others; and asking pardon for the liberty he took in hoping that he might be permitted to offer some acknowledgment of what not only had cheered and stimulated him through all his life, but had contributed so much to the success of it. The letter enclosed £500. Dickens was greatly touched by this; and told the writer, in sending back his cheque, that he would certainly have taken it, if he had not been, though not a man of fortune, a prosperous man himself; but that the letter, and the spirit of its offer, had so gratified him, that if the writer pleased to send him any small memorial of it in another form he would gladly receive it. The memorial soon came. A richly-worked basket of silver, inscribed "from one who has been cheered and stimulated by Mr. Dickens's writings, and held the author among his first remembrances when he became prosperous," was accompanied by an extremely handsome silver centre-piece for the table, of which the design was four figuures representing the Seasons. But the kindly donor shrank from sending Winter to one whom he would fain connect with none but the brighter and milder days, and he had struck the fourth figure from the design. "I never look at it," said Dickens, "that I don't think most of the Winter."

News Miscellany.

The Rainiest Town in the World.—A recent traveller describes Bergen in Norway as the rainiest town in the world. The weather is warmest when the wind blows from the north, owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream; and whichever way the wind blows, the odours of the town are horrible.

The Duchess of Edinburgh's Fondness of England.—The *Grashdanin*, a Russian paper noted for its good Court intelligence, says that in numerous letters to her family and friends the Duchess of Edinburgh describes her life in England as one of perfect happiness. She speaks with great gratitude of the cordial and friendly reception she has met with from all with whom she has come into contact—the Queen, the Royal family, the Court, and the people at large. The letters have occasioned great satisfaction in St. Petersburg.

Distressing Scene.—A double execution has just taken place at Toulouse. The culprits were two men named Lasserre and Mitron, condemned for the murder of M. de la Tomballe. On arriving at the scaffold Mitron was guillotined the first. The assistants of the executioner then seized hold of Lasserre, who cried out "*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* you are going to kill an innocent man." Having kissed the priest, he was pushed, or rather fell, on to the fatal *bascule*, still protesting his innocence. In a second his head was in the *lunette*, but the knife, instead of falling instantaneously, by some accident, stopped half way. A thrill of horror and surprise issued from the crowd of spectators, while the man tried to extricate his head from the grasp of the *lunette*, and his body struggled violently in the hands of the assistants who held his legs. The knife was drawn up again, and the next second the head of Lasserre dropped into the basket beneath by the side of that of Mitron, and the sad scene was over.

A Tame Gorilla.—Mr. R. B. Walker writes from Corisco Bay, in Western Africa, in regard to a young gorilla which he had alive for some time, and hoped to forward to the Zoological Society of London. Contrary to the usual assumption in regard to this species, the specimen in question proved to be extremely docile and perfectly tame. When first purchased it was shy and suspicious, but not spiteful. At the expiration of about a week it was led around without resistance, and it ate whatever eatable thing it could lay its hands on, including a basin of condensed milk with a raw egg beaten up in it. It was quite tame, eating, sleeping, and playing with a large bull-terrier, the two animals being constantly together. It unfortunately disappeared one night, and was supposed to have fallen overboard.

Street Cars in New Orleans.—An American contemporary says that all accounts of the new method of propelling street cars introduced in New Orleans, continue to speak favourably. None of the objections usually urged against steam on the streets apply to this invention. Explosions are impossible. There is little smoke and no noise. The speed might be twelve miles an hour, but is limited to six. The motor is attached to the rear of the car, and the driver handles a small bar and the usual brake in place of the reins. The working of the machinery is so simple that it can be learned in five minutes. Ten dummies do the work of 180 horses. General Beauregard, the president of the road which has adopted the new system, is confident that it will be adopted all over the country in less than a year.

Dreadful Death of a Lady.—The *Bombay Gazette* says: One evening, after a ball at the house of Mr. Roberts, at Ayllghur, Miss King, the sister of an officer in the Public Works Department, who had returned home, was going to her own room when she accidentally struck a hand kerosine lamp which she was carrying, against the wall or door. The lamp fell, and the oil blazed up and set her clothes on fire. She rushed shrieking into a bedroom occupied by Captain O'Dowd, superintendent of police, and his wife, who were asleep. They awoke at once and rolled her in their razai, and she probably would have recovered had not a native servant hearing the cries and seeing the flames, rushed in and thrown over her a gurra of water. This caused the flames to burst out afresh, and terrible injuries were the result, under which she succumbed after a protracted suffering, endured with the most heroic Christian patience for nearly three weeks.

Summer Pastimes.—It is not necessary for us *(Field)* to write any commendatory preface to the cricket season. Cricket still holds its own ground in English estimation as the premier pastime of the spring and summer. The list of matches to come at Princes, Lords, and the Oval make up a bill of fare from which the pleasantest anticipations may be indulged in. Whether the approaching season will bring out any new men or not is a matter which it would be barren to discuss; but real fresh talent in cricket is still rare, both amongst professionals and amateurs. Bassball is this year introduced from America, and seems likely to fill the gap between the football and cricket seasons. The yachts will soon begin to shape their white wings and flutter from the docks, ready for preliminary cruises before settling down to the business of regattas. The Thames is already populous with holiday craft—with slim outriggers and egg-shell canoes, and sculling punts whose lines have been laid after the fashion of a water-beetle. But there is one thing we expected about the Thames in which our hopes have been grievously disappointed. Where are the swimming baths of which so much was said and written last year? We are as badly off in this respect now as we were when the subject was first mooted in 1851. For swimming as a pastime we must still go to Brighton or Ramsgate. The alternative, perhaps, is not so disagreeable, though it may be now and again inconvenient. On the whole, those who care to engage in open-air pastimes for the spring and summer will have little difficulty in gratifying their tastes, and in finding so many recreations to choose from that they may be bewildered by the variety of the collection, rather than deterred by any limitation in its opportunities.

Ancient Christian Tombs.—A letter from Rome states that an important discovery has just been made at Tor-Morancia, an estate belonging to Mgr. de Mérode. The Committee of Sacred Archæology had undertaken excavations, with the consent of the proprietor, in the underground cemetery there, which contained an ancient Christian church, called by modern *savants* the burial place of Domitilla, a relative of the Emperor Domitian. In that building has at last been found one of the inscriptions long sought after, which confirms the data of the topographical indications, and proves clearly that the tombs are those of martyrs of the first century of the Christian era. Under the absis was lying an enormous fragment of marble, bearing in large and beautifully formed letters a portion of the eulogium which Pope Damasus had caused to be carved on the tomb of the martyrs Nereus and Achilleus, who were interred in the cemetery of Domitilla by the side of the celebrated Saint Petronilla, called the daughter of the Apostle Peter.

Narrow Escapes.—The passengers in an omnibus plying between Paris and Vincennes lately had a very narrow escape. A young man seated on the "knifeboard" was smoking a new pipe, when he suddenly felt a sting on his leg, and perceived that the burning contents of the bowl had fallen out, and, having burnt through his blouse and trousers, were resting on a parcel carried by his next neighbour, who, on his attention being called to the circumstance, rose with a start and an exclamation of terror. The parcel on his knees contained within two folds of paper only, no less than three kilogrammes of powder. About the same time a little girl, carrying a jug, was passing along a street in Paris, when somebody chanced to run against her, and she fell to the ground, breaking the jug in her fall. When lifted up by the passers-by her face was found to be frightfully burnt by the liquid she was carrying, which proved to be aquafortis.

Double Murder by a Lunatic.—A distressing event is reported by the *Times of India* to have occurred near Oomrut, a station on that portion of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central Indian Railway, which has just been finished. Mr. J. C. Hall, of the Political Department, was sent to Bombay last year on account of his being subject to fits of insanity, but while under surveillance he appeared to be better, and was eventually allowed to rejoin his appointment. On the 4th April, having relapsed into a state of insanity, he shot at three natives, killing two of them on the spot and wounding a third. Mr. Hall was formerly in the Guzerat Revenue Survey Department, but for some months past he had been on special political duty. He was conveyed to a lunatic asylum in Bombay.

Paris Tragedy.—A painter named Carré, aged 38, had lived for some time with a young woman named Mélanie Glering. A few months ago a quarrel took place, and they separated. On returning home recently, Carré was surprised to find her with her uncle at his door. Carré refused to assist her, and told her to go to the hospital. "Then, you shall take me there dead," cried the girl, and, at the same moment, drawing a bottle of arsenic from her pocket, she swallowed it off, and fell to the ground. Carré, thinking her dead, in a fit of despair, seized a revolver and tried to blow out his own brains. One shot lodged in the ceiling, and the other in the body of the uncle, who had seized hold of Carré's arm to prevent his fatal object. The police arrived. Carré was taken to the lock-up, and Mélanie and her uncle to the hospital, where they lie on the point of death.

Italian Beggars in London.—At Marlborough-street Police-court, London, Maria Antonelli, her daughter, and Lucrecia Riozzi were charged before Mr. Newton with begging. The two latter—children—were dressed in theatrical costume; one had a musical instrument, but did not play on it. Alfred Mortimer, officer of the Mendicity Society, stated that he saw the two girls running after ladies and gentlemen and begging. When they received money they gave it to the old woman. On searching them he found 18s. in silver and copper on the eldest girl, and about 4s., principally in copper, on the mother. He had ascertained that the son had been what is called "apprenticed to a padrone," and that, finding the begging business in this country profitable, he went back to Italy and brought over his mother and sister. The mother had contrived to get possession of a little girl about eight years of age, who could give no account of herself or her relations. Mr. Newton said the system of bringing children over here to beg, especially female children, in respect of whom, he feared, a worse purpose was contemplated, must be put an end to. Mr. Guanziroli, who acted as interpreter, said the system was quite as strongly condemned by the Italian authorities, who considered it was a disgrace to the country that it should exist. The mendicity officer Mortimer said good-looking young girls were enticed over here under pretence of sitting as models to artists. When here they were at once sent into the streets to beg. Mr. Newton said the children should be sent back to their native country at once, and for that purpose he would ask Mr. Guanziroli to see the Secretary of the Italian Benevolent Society, and get him to come to that court to concert the best means of effecting that object.

A Mining Engineer's Story.—The *Scotsman* draws attention, in explanation of the somewhat unreasonable caprices of the North British collier of the present day, to the strange fact that in Scotland this class was, less than a century ago, in a state of absolute slavery, in so far that coal-bearers were bought and sold as a part of the gearing of the mine. "Two men of mark not long departed from among us had," says the Scotch journal "met with and spoken to British subjects, who had been slaves liable to be bought and sold." One of these, Robert Chambers, in his "Domestic Annals," relates the following story told by the late Robert Bald, a mining engineer. He had gone on a visit to the owner of the Clyde Ironworks, and heard a conversation between him and a miner named Mess Nook. "Mess Nook," said his employer, "You don't appear from your style of speaking to be of this part of the country. Where do you originally come from?" "Oh, sir," answered Mess Nook, "do you not know that your father brought me here long ago from M'Nair's, of the Green? Your father used to have merry meetings with Mr. M'Nair, and one day he saw me and took a liking to me. At the same time Mr. M'Nair had taken a fancy to a very nice pony belonging to your father; so they agreed on the subject, and *I was niffered away for the pony.* That's the way I came here." The man had, in short, been a slave, and was exchanged for a pony. The Scottish colliers, coal-bearers, and salters were not fully emancipated till 1779, when an Act was passed for the purpose.

"It Ain't My Business."—A correspondent thus describes the cottage accommodation of farm labourers in some parts of the eastern counties: Those who live at a distance, and have no opportunities of learning what is the real state of affairs, will scarcely believe, for instance, that even the most tyrannical of farmers would insist on his man living in a cottage with a leaky thatch and with walls reeking from mildew, or that the most earnest beseeching of the labourer could not move the obdurate employer from his cruel determination that the babes of his ploughman or horse-tender should lie on a floor the boards of which are wet and rotten, and falling to pieces into the mire beneath. It is almost as incredible as that any man, with care for his family, and no more than even a minimum share of mother wit, is not equal to the task of stopping a leak in a thatch, or mixing and applying a pail of lime-wash to a plaster wall, or mending, by means of the almost worthless planking of an old barn, the damp-eaten floor on which his children repose. It is only because they are so completely reliant on the "master" for everything, that matters have so long remained in this condition. I put the matter to a six-foot Exning baby, whose wife had shown me the deplorable condition of her cottage. "It's been like it for years," said she, alluding to certain holes in the floor, through which a dog might have pursued a rat. "He's asked the master forty times to have it seen to, but it's like talking to a horse-post." "I think," said I, addressing the male head of the house, "that if it was my floor, I should have made some sort of a job of it myself before this." "Ain't got no wood," said he, shaking his head. "Why, there's a piece," said I, pointing to a handy bit in a corner; "that, and a hammer, and a few nails, now!" "Ain't got ne'er a hammer, nor yet no nails," replied the cottager; "besides, I ain't had no time." "But you've got time now." "Now! What set about mending a house that I may be turned out of it in a month; 'taint likely. Besides, it ain't my business at all."

Attempted Double Murder in a Railway Carriage.—A Brussels correspondent writes: "A letter from Florence states that a fearful crime was committed in the Turin railway train, between Alexandra and Plaisance, near Stradella. Three ruffians who were in a second-class compartment contrived during the night to enter a first-class carriage occupied by a merchant of Turin and the secretary of the Count Mirafiori, and having stabbed them, took all their money and jewellery, and disappeared at the next station, leaving their victims perfectly insensible and fatally wounded."

Human Wasps.—A crucial test (says the *Echo*) is about to be afforded of the progress in common sense made by womankind during the last twenty years. Fashion, we are informed by those best acquainted with her intentions, means, after a long interval, amounting, we believe, to something like the period named, to bestow her patronage upon waists of abnormal length. The experience of moralists, doctors, and all sorts of wise people proves that interference with her decrees is entirely useless, and that the less these harmonise with the rules of sanitary science the more likely they are to be implicitly obeyed. It is, therefore, much to be deplored that this indefinable and irresponsible power has decided that waists are for the present to be long. There is, of course, no real reason why waists should not be long and also of reasonable dimensions, but this fashion has always been an excuse for tight-lacing, and there is reason to fear it will still lead to this result, and that ball-room wasps will appear this season at the same time as their winged rivals. The comparison is, however, in favour of the latter, for should the insect attempt to increase his fashionable attenuation by tight-lacing, his glossy black countenance would not betray his suicidal folly, whereas the human wasp who screws up her vital organs in a vice, must submit to the certain deterioration of almost every charm for the sake of this supposed elegance.

A Secret of the Sea.—The *Portsmouth* (New Hampshire) *Chronicle* states that on the 5th of April one of the navy-yard watchmen found on the beach of an island in that harbour a tightly-corked bottle, completely overgrown with barnacles and seaweed. When broken it was found to contain a slip of paper, apparently taken from a ship's logbook. All the writing upon it that could be made out was as follows: "December 14, 1861.—Ship Jane, Arctic Ocean.—I write this knowing that I shall never see land again, hoping that some one will pick it up. Yesterday the captain died, which . . . I would write more if I could, but I am starving to death." The ink is very pale, and the paper somewhat discoloured. The writing, though indistinct, was easily read by the aid of a magnifying glass.

Six Men Condemned to Death.—A New York paper says: Mexico setting a good example to New York is something new under the sun. It appears that the same sentimental notions as to the sanctity of the lives of murderers has not yet taken root in the neighbouring Republic. We learn that six of the fanatical mob that assassinated the Protestant missionary, Mr. Stephens, have been condemned to death. The priest Ochoa has also been brought to trial on the charge of inciting to murder, but his case has not as yet been decided. It is pleasing to notice that the religious fanaticism of the ignorant Indians and half-castes who make up the lower stratum of society in Mexico does not extend to the official circles, and that in Mexico the man who takes life, even under the delusion that he is serving God, will be punished with the utmost severity of the law. Indeed, the Mexican seem to be rather in advance of our boasted civilisation in their regard for the sanctity of life, for if a mob were to kill a man here, from whatever motive, it would be difficult to obtain so severe a sentence as the Mexican Courts have pronounced against the guilty parties. If the same severity could only be introduced into the administration of our own laws life would be much more secure among us than it is at present.

A Peer's Bet.—The *Sun* says that a certain very well-known peer, celebrated for his vast mineral properties in the midland counties, has laid £1000 to £1 that the Prince Imperial of France does not succeed to the throne of his father. The bet was taken 16 times, so that if the Bonapartists should be in the ascendant within a reasonable time, the noble lord stands to lose £16,000; and as he is only 57, and in the enjoyment of excellent health, it is quite possible he may yet live to see the Prince Imperial Emperor of the French, and have the satisfaction of paying up his trifling wager.

Shocking Case of Neglect.—A correspondent describes a strange case of neglect of a dying person which occurred recently on the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean railway. In a compartment of the 9.45 p.m. train from Paris, one night a passenger suddenly became ill, and a French medical student in the carriage stated that he would die before the arrival of the train at Nevers, whither, it seems, he was bound. At Charenton, the first station where a stoppage was made, the other occupants of the carriage demanded a change, but the guard refused it, stating that the sick man was likely to live as long as himself; and he requested his fellow-travellers to take care of him. On the arrival of the train at St. Caize the unfortunate man was found to be senseless and an examination by a medical man present showed that his life was extinct.

Experimenting with Mad Dogs.—At the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, on April 13, M. Bouley laid before it a memoir by M. Bourrel, a veterinary surgeon, of Paris, entitled a "Complete Treatise on Rabies in the Dog and Cat, with a method of Preserving Oneself against it." The means of preserving from rabies, to make known and disseminate the knowledge of which is the principle aim of this memoir, consists in taking off the edge of the teeth of the dog by the aid of nippers and files. M. Bourrel had the daring to perform this operation of filing down the teeth on three dogs when they were in a condition of raging madness, notwithstanding the danger of inoculation he incurred both during the preliminaries and the different stages of the process. Six dogs kept for experiment were then delivered over to the mad animals, who precipitated themselves on them and bit them furiously, but without breaking the skin in any one of them. The dogs experimented on were watched during six months, and madness did not show itself in any of the number. M. Bourrel, convinced that the blunted tooth of the dog could not penetrate through the clothing, gave his hand covered with a glove to one of the mad dogs. "When," he says, "the dogs released it, the glove was intact, and the bite had only produced a deep impression." This experiment, repeated on dogs who were not mad, to which I gave my naked hand to bite, proved to me that the blunted tooth can but very rarely, however great may be the contraction of the muscles of the jaw, break the epidermis of animals, whose hair necessarily deadens the pressure exerted, and can only injure the human epidermis in very exceptional cases.

Brutal Brigands.—The *Levant Times* states that brigandage is fearfully rife in the district of Nevrocope. The principal band is headed by a certain Aleko, of the village of Ablanitza, in the same caza. This band murdered the kehaya of the village of Convatchoutza, a man who was held in great respect by the inhabitants. In November last the brigands again broke into his house, and having brutally tortured his widow and daughter carried off £55, the whole property of the poor women. One of the neighbours who opened a window to see what was going on was shot by the ruffians. The authorities having been complained to, they arrested the head man of the village and the members of the medjliss, and sent them to Serres, where they were pronounced to be innocent and were set at liberty. The governor then sent several bodies of zaptiehs in pursuit of the brigands, a large number of whom were soon caught. The chief is still at large.

Resumption of Ten Hours' Day in America.—The question of ten hours or eight for a day's work promises to become interesting in New York about the first of this month. The master mechanics and especially the boss carpenters, have, for some time, been preparing for a return to the ten-hour system, and at a largely-attended meeting on Tuesday, resolved that, on and after May 1, they would not employ any men who would not be willing to work ten hours a day. This movement will certainly be resisted on the part of the journeymen.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Nelson Lions in Trafalgar-square.—A correspondent of a weekly contemporary has made a fresh inspection of the lions at the base of Nelson's column, and his report is anything but favourable. The whole of the casting is not defective, but that of the paws is pronounced "very bad." Many of what are called pin holes do not go through the metal, but there are parts, "especially in the right fore-paw, opposite the Sun Fire Offic,e" where the perforations run right through the hollow interior of the castings, one of them enlarging to "a fracture, at which part the metal is not more than the 16th of an inch thick, and springs with the pressure of the finger." The same correspondent thinks it strange so many of our great works should thus be marred by some oversight or want of care. The equestrian statue of George III., for instance, wants a girth. The defect must have been noticed as soon as the statue was cast; and the same may be said of the bronze lions in Trafalgar-square. The parts were cast separately, and a perfect paw might have been cast as soon as the deficiency in the first was observed. No private person who had ordered an equestrian statue would receive it without a bellyband, and until the same principle is adopted with respect to public works we may expect bronze lions which appear as if the metal had "run short or been insufficient to cover the inner face of the mould."

Imprisonment for Debt.—A New York paper says: The Judiciary Committee of the New York Assembly has reported favourably a bill providing that no person shall be confined in the county gaol on arrest upon process in civil suits, unless there be paid by the person causing the arrest twenty-five dollars every twenty days, for the board of the prisoner. This is very well as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. While imprisonment for debt and in civil suits has been abolished in principle in this State, and this has become a recognised principle in most of the States of the Union and among the enlightened nations of Christendom, both the principle and the law are evaded frequently by appeals to legal technicalities or by the vindictive action of prosecutors. Not only should those causing the arrest of persons who may be imprisoned be compelled to pay for the board of prisoners, but they should be liable for heavy damages when mere vindictiveness and insufficient cause of imprisonment can be shown. A rich man who is determined to persecute an enemy in a case of debt or civil suit will not mind paying the board of a prisoner to gratify his revenge. The law is too partial and loose, or too loosely interpreted, as it stands, and ought to be made as clear as possible, so as to protect the liberty and rights of the citizens.

Suicide of a Painter.—*Galignani* states that a painter of considerable merit, Octave Tassaert, has just committed suicide, at the age of 74, by suffocating himself in his bedroom, 12, Rue du Gérona, with the fumes of charcoal. He first commenced as a portrait painter at the Exhibition of 1831, but afterwards turned his attention to historical subjects, and executed several works for the Museum of Versailles, one especially, "The Funeral of Vagobert at Saint-Denis." From the date mentioned to 1853, he was a constant exhibitor. Some of his pieces, such as the "Death of Correggio," "Diana at the Bath," "The Slave Merchant," "The Old Musician," &c., are well known, having been popularised by engraving. For some years past he has been gradually sinking into difficulties, and was latterly unable to earn sufficient for his subsistence. This distress so preyed upon his mind as to lead him to kill himself.

Joseph and the Baron.—The duties of a servant of all work, though not very clearly laid down, seldom, we believe, include those undertaken by one Joseph Lefaivre, standing in that relation to a certain Baron de Wenkstern, who lately appeared before a French tribunal, charged with an assault. The baron always required Joseph's attendance when visiting *cafés* and wine shops, and master and servant were both seated in one of these establishments when the former suddenly thought of a heavy duty he had had to pay for some wine, and addressing the proprietor of the wine shop, exclaimed, "Curious country this!" "Very curious," added his follower. "It is easy to see that France is ruined," said the baron. "The ruin of France is evidently complete," chimed in Joseph. "You have been beaten all into fits," pursued the baron. His faithful henchman was about to endorse this statement, when one of the company, named Chavanon, rose, and said, "If we have been beaten we have paid for it—you Prussians!" "Joseph," cried the baron, "administer a blow to this gentleman," and, in a moment the heavy hand of the faithful servant descended on Chavanon's cheek. Although the sufferer agreed to compromise the matter for 500 francs, and maintained in court that the blow was a mere "slap," yet, as "the shock of the slap" had laid him up for a fortnight, the baron was rather heavily fined. It was then discovered, by the help of Joseph who answered all questions, that the gist of Chavanon's offence lay in the fact that the baron and Joseph were Belgians, not Prussians.

Thrice a Widower.—Lord Ellenborough has been sadly unfortunate in his married life. He is by no means an old man, not yet 54, and he is now a widower for the third time. His first wife was the daughter of the fourth Earl of Wicklow, his second the daughter of the Rev. J. Fitzgerald Day, and his third, who died recently, was a daughter of Mr. Alexander Ogilby. By his first wife he had no children, by his second a son, and by his third two daughters. He was married to his last wife in 1863, and he succeeded his uncle, the famous Governor-General of India, in the earldom in December, 1871. He himself also obtained some reputation in India, having served in the Sutlej campaign, and having been present at the famous battle of Sobraon. The dowager Lady Ellenborough, who was divorced from her husband, is still living, as a Mahomedan in Palestine.

Dreadful Quadruple Murder.—A dreadful quadruple murder at Kobe, the scene of the crime being not more than a couple of hundred yards of the Saibansho, is recorded by the *Japan Herald*. The victims are Mr. Yamada, his wife, and two children, one aged two years, and the other, an infant, twenty-one days old, who were all butchered in their sleeping apartment, a room about 9ft. square. Mr. Yamada was well known and generally liked in Kobe; he received a severe cut under the left ear, severing the jugular vein, several slashes on his his chest and stomach, and his back was literally hacked to pieces, his spine being cut through in eight or nine places. From the appearance of his wounds it would seem he struggled with his assailant, and was set upon by another from behind. His wife, with an infant twenty-one days old in her arms, had her right arm severed, and her left wrist cut badly, a frightful gash from her forehead to her chin, cutting out one eye, and splitting her head in half, and a slash that laid open her left shoulder and fractured the spine. Her baby, apparently, was smothered by her falling upon it, as the only wound it has is a small cut on one of its toes. The other child, a little boy, had its head entirely severed from his body, and his right hand cut through the middle, cutting off the thumb also; the left hand had the two first fingers cut off. What the motives of the murderers were will probably never come to light, unless the miscreants are caught and confess, as the clothes of the murdered persons seem to have been overhauled only. The assault must have been sudden and the strife of short duration, as the inmates of the houses adjoining on either side appear not to have heard anything of an unusual nature. Many Europeans employed on the railway also live within a stone's throw, and heard nothing of the affair until noon, when returning to tiffin.

Cock-Fighting in Old Times.—It is very nearly two hundred years since Mr. Secretary Pepys went to see a similar gathering, and commented on "the strange variety of people" present, "from Parliament man (by name Wildes, that was Deputy-Governor of the Tower when Robinson was Lord Mayor) to the poorest, 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not, and all these fellows one with another cursing and betting." The worthy secretary, however, added that he "soon had enough of it." Civilised society has long since had quite "enough of it," and the present mania for "reviving" ancient practices will not rise in public estimation if it leads to the restoration of the barbarous amusements of our forefathers.

Sir Lambton Lorraine Interviewed.—The hero of the hour in the United States appears to be Sir Lambton Lorraine, the late commander of her Majesty's ship Niobe, whose exertions on behalf of the Virginius prisoners at Santiago de Cuba secured him a warm welcome when he arrived at New York, by the English mail steamer Canina, from Bermuda. Before the vessel had come to anchor she was boarded by a *New York Herald* reporter, who found Sir Lambton Lorraine looking over the gangway, when the following interesting conversation occurred between the two: Reporter: "You are a welcome visitor to the United States, Sir Lambton." Sir Lambton: "I am pleased to hear it." Reporter: "You, of course, know the reason? That your conduct while on board the Niobe at Santiago de Cuba, in so manfully defending the lives of the American and other subjects on board the Virginius against Burriel—the butcher—who, it is thought in the States, would have been massacred by the authorities, as were the gallant Captain Fry, his crew, and the leading men of the expedition—gained great admiration in this country." Sir Lambton: "I simply did what I thought to be my duty, and am proud if any efforts of mine have tended to save the lives of American citizens. Blood, you know, is thicker than water, for the people of England have a strong affection for their American cousins." Reporter: "Are you going to make an extended sojourn in New York?" Sir Lambton: "Not so long as I should wish. I cannot definitely fix the time at the present moment." Reporter: "May I ask, have you received a silver brick from the citizens in Virginia City bearing the trite inscription, 'This is a brick, and so are you?'" Sir Lambton: "No, I have not; but it would give me great pleasure to receive it as a token of American friendship." At this moment some ladies wished to speak with Sir Lambton Lorraine, so the reporter bid him "Good day," and the interview came to an end.

Deceptive Security.—The readiness shown by the Japanese to adopt new and untried courses in public and in private affairs is accounted for, according to M. Bosquet—who keeps the *Revue des Deux Mondes* informed of his experiences in Japan, where he is now assisting in the revision of the Japanese Code—by the spirit of adventure fostered there in the minds of the young. In proof of this he relates a fable recited before him by the pupils in a Japanese school, the substance of which is as follows: In the depths of the Bay of Yeddo lived a *sazayé*, a heavy crustacean encased in a thick cuirass. He delighted in drawing himself closely into his shell, never resenting an affront. The salmon and the *tai*, hardy adventurers, begged him to take part in their exploits. "War is not my business," said he. "I prefer remaining snugly at home." As he spoke, something unpleasant, either a net or a boat, appeared on the horizon. The *tai* and the salmon were soon far from the spot; the *sazayé* drew back into his shell. Towards evening, however, he looked out. Where was he? On a fishmonger's board among a heap of other shell-fish. "Oh, deceptive security," cried he, "thou hast cost me dear!" Some European writers of fables for the young would have made matters turn to the advantage of the prudent *sazayé*.

THE TREASURE HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE THRAVELS OF LARRY CAREY, GINTLEMAN.

"The poor haythen!" said Larry Carey, contemptuously, as he stood in the Chinese quarter of the city of San Francisco and watched the various avocations of the people. "What a blessing it would be for 'em if some howly father out of the ould counthry would come and take 'em in hand, with a pair o' scissors to snip off their tails, and thin thransport 'em to where they might have a cabin an' a bit o' bog land, an' a pig, an' a few pitaytees. Ah! they're a poor benighted lot, thin. Only to think of thim being so low in the scale of humanity, as Father Murphy called it, that the men are only washerwomen."

Larry looked with utter disgust on one or two of the quiet peaceable people, for the most part busy and industrious, and seeming prosperous withal, as he sought for one Si Lin, who had charge of the garments sent from the Chesapeake Hotel.

There was a certain amount, too, of interest taken by the Asiatics in Larry, as he strolled slowly down the narrow street with his stick under his arm, his legs very far forward, and his body held back, and a general depreciatory aspect in the whole of his visage as he rubbed his ill-shaven chin with one hand.

"Howly Bridget!" he said, stopping short in front of an open-sided wooden house, where a very smoothly-shaven Chinaman was sitting in loose blue cotton garments, with an earthen pot before him, full of boiled rice, of which he was partaking with a couple of chopsticks. "Howly Bridget, now; look at that! why the haythen baste, to sit playing at tit, tat, toe with his victuals in that way, instead of ating it Christian-like wid a spoon. Rice, too, poor thing. I wonder what he'd say to a pratee?"

Larry stood looking, and the Chinaman went on eating in perfect composure after giving one glance at the barbarian outside. Finally, Larry gave his head a contemptuous toss, and went on for a few yards

"Well," he said, stopping once more—this time in front of a tailor's shop—"I don't know that I've much to say to that. There must be man-tailors, I suppose. I wonder whether the haythen jist there with the needle can tell me where the man-washerwoman will be livin'. Arrah! now——"

The Chinaman let his hands fall in his lap and looked over a great pair of goggle, wide-rimmed spectacles in Larry's face.

"Av you plaze," said Larry—"Ugh! I'll be civil to the baste, and show what a gintlemanly nation the Irish is —— Av you plaze, misther tailor, can you tell me where the washerwoman-man lives?"

The Chinaman held his head a little on one side, and peered inquiringly in his questioner's face.

"I said could ye have the goodness to tell me where the washerwoman-man lives?" said Larry, and this time he placed one hand by the side of his mouth and shouted in the other's ear.

The Chinaman peered in his face for a moment, re-arranged his specs, and went on with his stitching.

"Poor spacheless baste!" said Larry. "But I'll thry him again. Look here! Hi! Bedad, thin, why don't ye attind? Look here, ye furren pagan that niver knew any betther! Let's thry a bit of dumb motions. I want to find Si Lin who does the ——"

As he spoke Larry put down his stick, pretended to roll up his sleeves, and then seizing the garment upon which the Chinaman was at work, he made believe to soap it, and then went to work rubbing it as if it was part of a batch in a tub.

"D'ye see, ye haythen?" he said, "Si Lin, Si Lin."

"Si Lin, Si Lin?" replied the Chinaman, with a melancholy smile of intelligence stealing across his broad fat face.

"Thin you have got a tongue in your head?" said Larry. "Do ye undherstand me, thin?"

The Chinaman repeated the words "Si Lin;" and, in his turn, gave the garment a rub, and then a smooth over with his iron.

"Be dad!" said Larry, complacently, "what a boy I am among 'em. Here I came among the benighted haythens, who don't know a word of a Christian tongue, and here I make 'em undherstand me." For the Chinaman got up slowly, and came out of his place, tapped Larry on the arm, and led the way to a turning some thirty yards away, where he pointed to a house, nodded, smiled sadly, and said, "Si Lin, Si Lin," at the same time holding out his hand.

"Ye're a gintleman!" said Larry, bringing his own down with a clap, and shaking it heartily to the Chinaman's great discomposure. "I'm obliged to ye, misther haythen; an' I'll not forget ye, if I want a noo shute while I'm stayin' in the town."

But the Chinaman did not seem to see it in that light; for him time present was better than time future; so as soon as his hand was at liberty, he held it out once more, and placed in it a two-cent piece.

"Phew!" whistled Larry, laughing. "How soon they get to undherstand the religion of money. Well, ye haythen, ye were civil; so there's a bit for ye."

The tailor nodded and smiled once more, as sadly, to use Larry's expression, "as if he had not had any dinner for a week;" and returned to his work, while Larry rattled his stick upon the laundryman's door.

Here, without much difficulty, he learned that he had had his journey for nothing; the great Si Lin having taken the washing home to the hotel.

"Bud I don't mind," said Larry, as he sauntered away once more. "It's all improving to the undherstanding; and whin a gintleman is on his travels he ought to see all he can. I won't hurry back thin, but just take a look about me. How the divils stare! They don't see anyone from Cork ivery day of their benighted lives."

So Larry sauntered along, pausing for some time in front of the joss house, rubbing his chin thoughtfully and thinking of going in; but his attention was taken off by the coming of one of the inhabitants, evidently something of a dandy in his way, from the careful cut and quality of his blue clothes; but what took Larry's attention was the fan he held in his hand, flirting it busily to cool his noble brow.

"Now is it a man ye are, or a woman?" said Larry, aloud, as he gazed at the dandy, who, without condescending to give more than a passing look, went on. "Only to think of it," he continued. "Well, it's a very melancholy sight to see men dressed in petticoats, and using fans, and doing the washing; but there, what can ye expect of the poor benighted things. Hallo! what have we got here?"

He stopped in front of a provision shop, and again began rubbing his rough chin; for there was something inside that took his attention greatly.

"That's pork—there's no doubt about that; though it's a thousand pities to kill a little baste of a sucking pig like that when it would grow into fine bacon; but that other one there ain't pig, it's—it's— Bedad, I won't believe it at all—no, even wid my own eyes. An' yet, there it is—there's no mistake. Murther! think of that now! But they can't mane to ate it at all!"

Larry went closer to the open window, and glared in for a few moments; then he walked sharply away, spitting several times, as if to rid himself of a nasty taste in the mouth, while he muttered again and again:

"Oh, the nasty haythens; to think of their ating a dog!"

Larry's next halt was in front of a barber's shop, where the owner was busy operating upon the head of a customer, and here he paused, rubbing his chin softly the while.

"I've a good mind to," he said, at last; and he stopped, hesitating, till the barber had finished his task, and looked up at him with a bland smile of invitation.

"I'll risk it," said Larry, going in; "but bad luck to the haythen if he gets thrying any of his enchantments on me wid his rayshers. I'll have me stick handy to talk to him in a kay he niver heard."

Larry took the seat placed for him, and bared his throat, muttering to himself the while, as his eyes rolled round the shop, and took in the preparations of its owner.

"Sure, it's a great risk to run," he said, "trusting yerself wid such a barbarian. How do I know they ain't cannibals, and glad of a chance to get howld of a strange traveller. Here, look here, Mister Shaver," he said, aloud, as he put his stick between his knees; "ye see that?"

The Chinaman nodded in a mildly surprised way, and then set to work with soap and razor, operating so ably upon Larry's stubble that he drew forth a series of admiring exclamations, such as "Illigant!" "Lovely!" and the like.

"Oh, it's a very fortune ye'd make, misther, if ye'd go to Oireland. I niver had such a shave before in me life. Arrah, now! an' what are ye after?"

He shrank back, as he spoke, for the barber was armed with a pair of strong tweezers, with which he made motions as if to attack the bushy eyebrows of his client.

"Git out, ye mad haythen!" said Larry, getting up. "Why, ye'll be wantin' to shave me head next, and send me away wid a plaited tail!"

"It's getting time I was back," said Larry, at last, as he wandered once more through the narrow streets; "so I'll go back another way. It's wonderfully insthructive, though, this furren travel. How I can open some of their eyes at home about Chinee. But it's a savage haythen sort of a place this; and I'll be glad whin the masther gets away.

He sauntered on, leaving the Chinese quarter behind, and getting into a thickly populated, and not over reputable, part, standing for a few moments undecided before choosing a way.

Growing tired, he went slowly on, telling himself that he should sooner or later come at some landmark that he knew, and conning over in his mind the various scenes he had encountered.

"But its a baste of a place," he grumbled, "without a single redayming fayture, and I don't wonder at it; bud, howly Bridget, what's that?"

For turning a corner he suddenly came upon a scene of excitement in the shape of a desperate encounter, and in an instant the Irishman's blood was up.

"Howly Bridget," he exclaimed, tightening his grasp upon his stick—"a fight! and siven men against two. It's a Christian counthry after all; and they ain't quite haythens. Here's luck! The saints stand bechuckst me and harm. Clear the way there; *Faugh a ballagh!*"

ON DADDY'S KNEES.

CHAPTER V.

HOW LARRY CLEARED THE WAY.

With a wild Irish whoop of delight and a flourish of his stick Larry charged down upon the contending men.

Crack!

There was a howling curse as the blackthorn came down upon an uplifted bowie-knife armed hand, numbing the wrist and sending the blade flying just as it was about to descend upon an unguarded breast.

Crack!

A head gave forth a sonorous hollow sound and its owner rolled upon the side walk.

Crack!

Another man received the twig right across the forehead and fell over his comrade.

Thud!

The stick fell upon a ruffian's shoulder, making him utter a yell, and then, with another hurroo and a flourish, Larry dashed at the others, catching one a slight tap on the head, but failing to stay him, for he and his companions were in full flight.

"That's mighty pleasant, any how," said Larry, with a profound sigh of satisfaction overspreading his countenance. "What a trate!"

He gave his stick another flourish, and looked round for an adversary, but the gathering crowd shrank away and allowed him to pass to where Frank Adams was assisting Caleb Dawson to rise.

"Powers!" ejaculated Larry in utter astonishment; "why it's the masther and the whiskey man. An' are ye hurt at all, at all? Don't spake both of ye; but you, masther dear, have the spalpeens wounded ye?"

"Only a scratch or two, Larry," said Frank.

"Bad luck to 'em! I'd have hit twiced as hard if I'd only known it was you, sir; and, yer honour, Misther Dawson, sir?"

"More frightened than hurt I hope, Pat," said Dawson, feeling himself all over after wrapping his handkerchief round his bleeding wrist.

"Freckened," said Larry; "ye didn't look much freckened aither of ye when I came up."

"You only came just in time, anyhow," said Dawson, coolly.

"Say, strangers," said a voice, "if I were you I'd make tracks. Take the next turning, and go straight away, or you'll have them chaps back."

The advice was too good to be lightly treated; but there was some one else to think of besides themselves, and Dawson looked anxiously round, trying to identify the doorway into which he had swung Mary Adams and her sister, but failing, for in the fight they had gradually edged away to some distance from the place where the assault was first made.

"Well, hadn't we better make a retreat while we can?" said Adams, looking round to see more than one evil-looking, lowering countenance.

"Don't hurry, masther dear!" said Larry, pathetically. "One don't know when we may have a chance of handling the stick again."

"It must have been here," said Dawson, stopping before a wretched, ricketty-looking place.

"What must have been here?" said Adams, curiously.

"Why, where they stood for shelter when those scoundrels came on."

"You forget that I was not here at the beginning," said Adams. "Who may *they* be?"

"Good heavens, man! don't you know?" said Dawson, excitedly; "why your wife and sister."

Adams could hardly have started more if he had had a blow; his hand went to his throat, and he twice essayed to speak, but no words came. Then, seizing Dawson by the arm, he made motions for him to explain.

This the American did in a few sharp, brief sentences, and the two men looked at each other aghast.

There was now a diversion in their favour, for some of the ill-looking scoundrels who had been edging up, suddenly began to sidle away, the reason being that the caps of several of the police were seen over the heads of the crowd, and a brief explanation ensued.

"It's no use to go into that now," said their leader, sharply; "we must come again when things have cooled down. Your lives ain't safe a minute."

"What, go and leave those helpless women here?" said Dawson; "not if I know it."

He turned to speak to Adams, but he had already walked to the door, accompanied by Larry, and after a brief parley it was opened.

No; it had not been opened for hours. It was a mistake.

But Adams, who was half mad with anxiety, insisted upon the place being searched, calling in the aid of the police; and a very few minutes sufficed to show that the place was empty.

"Try this house," said Dawson, as soon as they were outside; and he pointed to another, vainly struggling the while with the confusion of mind consequent upon the struggle in which he had been engaged.

The house he pointed out was also searched, and another, and another after, when the leader of the police, who had, on the strength of having his force augmented, consented at last to the search, now refused to go any farther.

"It's no use, strangers," he said; "we shall have a regular riot in another five minutes, and not get off with our lives. These women are hiding, and will keep in hiding till the row is over. They can't come to no harm; and, look here, I must have my way now, so give in."

Adams made desperate opposition, and would have engaged even in a struggle with the police, but for the words of Dawson, who whispered earnestly in his ear:

"Give in now, or they'll drag us off. It will only be waste of power. I am as anxious as yourself, but the sergeant is right. Let the place cool down again before we come back. Perhaps I can think it out, too, by then, for my head is all muddled with this blow."

He put his hand to the back of his head as he spoke, and Adams for the first time saw that he was bleeding freely. He would still have opposed, for there was a horrible black feeling of despair in his heart, and it seemed worse than sacrilege to go, and, as it were, leave the women to their fate, when suddenly he gave a lurch forward and would have fallen, but one of the policemen caught him, and Larry rushed forward to his help.

"The ugly savages!" exclaimed Larry, "Bad luck to 'em fightin' wid knives and pishtols. Look at him how he's blading. Whisht, thin, policeman; is it dead he is, or only in a faint."

"Dead? I reckon it would take a dozen such flicks as that to kill him," said the policeman; and then, supported on each side and surrounded by the police, the party moved off, Adams recovering in a few minutes, and yielding perforce to circumstances.

Arrived at the station the aid of a surgeon was called in, and his dictum given that the hurts would heal in a few days.

"And now," said the sergeant, who had begun to take great interest in the case, "you two go back to the Chesapeake and stay there and rest till evening. Then come back here and we'll go down in tidy strength. Meanwhile, I'll set a fellow or two to work to make enquiries and pick up all he can."

"I can't go," said Adams, "and leave them there; it is impossible."

"And suppose they have got back to the hotel while you and the rest of us have been getting ourselves chawed up?" said the sergeant.

Dawson waited to hear no more, but started off at a trot, and was only stopped by Larry, who ran after him.

"Don't be afther cutting away from the masther like that," he said. "If your so sthrong, he isn't; so come an' give him your arm."

Dawson smiled, and waited the coming of Adams, then together they hastened on to the hotel.

"It's a forlorn hope," said Adams, with a groan. "Fool that I was ever to leave them."

"Well," said Dawson quietly, "I did not like their going, but I followed them all through, as closely as I could, till I missed them for a few minutes; and in those few minutes they were insulted, and——"

"Bedad, it's thim! Hurroo!" cried Larry, pointing to the window of the hotel, where sat Mary and Mrs. Adams, anxiously looking out for those who were absent.

CHAPTER VI.

MAKING A COMPACT.

There was not much to explain, only that on being swung into the doorway, where they stood clinging together, the tide of the little war soon ebbed away from where they were, and they were able to escape almost unnoticed from the other end of the street, wandering on till they encountered one of the police, who gave them instructions, after hurrying them along part of their way, and then left them to procure help, with the result that we have seen.

"We can never be sufficiently grateful to you, Mr. Dawson, for your brave defence of two strangers," said Mrs. Adams, pressing his hand warmly.

"Well," said Dawson, in a quiet, nonchalant way, "I don't know that it was much to do. I'm like your man Larry—I like a fight."

As he spoke he glanced hastily towards Mary Adams; but she did not look in his direction, although he had enunciated his strange declaration to tempt her to speak.

"I am sure my sister is as grateful as I am myself," said Mrs. Adams, glancing in a surprised way at Mary, who now looked up for a moment, and met Dawson's clear, sharp gaze, before which her eyes fell, and she said quietly—

"I am very grateful to Mr. Dawson."

"Perhaps you'll just begin to talk gratitude, too," said Dawson, grimly, as he turned to Adams; "it makes a man feel so comfortable—just as if he were being rubbed down with prairie thistles. Why, what a fuss you all make. Wouldn't any man have done just the same? Not much of a man," he added in an undertone, "if he wouldn't."

He rose then with quite old-world politeness, for Mrs. Adams and Mary were leaving the room; and soon after Adams and his new friend were alone.

"Nice place this, ain't it?" said Dawson, beginning to smoke.

"Nice place!" said Adams indignantly. "I shall never rest till I've left it fifty miles behind."

"But I wouldn't be in too great a hurry," said Dawson.

"Hurry—too great a hurry?"

"Well, yes; you have a hurried sort of way at doing things that isn't always convenient. Judging strangers for instance."

He looked in a droll way at the young farmer as he spoke, and the other held out his hand.

"I beg your pardon, Dawson," he said, warmly, "I did misjudge you. I came a perfect stranger, and I was suspicious of every one I met."

"Of course, and the best way too," said Dawson, laughing. "I might have been a regular sharper for aught you could tell. But you don't think I'm one now?"

"Dawson," said Adams, warmly, "I shall never forget the service you have done me and mine."

"Well if you were in debt," replied Dawson, "you soon put it straight, for it was a case of gone coon with me if you had not come up; while your friend, Pat, did more than either of us. But never mind about that now. Tell me this—how have you got on at the land office?"

"Well," said Adams, "I've nearly made arrangements for a plot, which they tell me is in a very rich district, and I am to go to-morrow morning to settle about it."

"Told you they couldn't give you a final answer because some one else was after the plot!"

"Exactly—that is what they did say," replied Adams.

"That's what they always do say," said Dawson, smiling; "and they said if you would pay your deposit they would see what they could do."

"Yes," said Adams, smiling.

"And you paid it?"

"No. I had to get a letter of credit cashed, and I was too late. But I am going on to-morrow."

"Then I am just in time?" said Dawson.

"In time!" said Adams, suspiciously.

"Yes, in time to stop you from fooling away a lot of coin. Now, look here, Adams, drop that doubting way of yours at once. I'm a fellow full of failings, but I'm genuine. I never swindled but one man in my life, and him I have served out often, I do own—his name's Dawson—Caleb Dawson his name is, and he always took it very kindly. And now I want to talk to you about your plans. You want to go farming?"

Adams nodded.

"To make money?"

Adams nodded again.

"Then don't try; for the chances are that you will only be preparing the land for someone else. A man wants capital to do any good—more than you've got, so I tell you."

Frank Adams felt disposed to be annoyed; but he was getting accustomed to the other's bluntness; and after the late proofs he could not but believe that he was genuine.

"What would you do, then?" said Adams.

"Join me," said Dawson, rising.

"Join you?"

"Yes; join me. Look here, Adams, I took a fancy to you as soon as I saw you."

"No, you did not," said Adams, drily.

"But I did, man—I swear I did."

"Look here, Dawson," said the young Englishman, "you Yankees are, I daresay, sharper than we are; but, all the same, we old country folk are not quite fools. Do you really think now that I can't see through you?"

"Well, there, I'll be honest," said Dawson, with his sunburnt face glowing hotly. "You are right—you do see through me; and I don't see why a man shouldn't speak out boldly about such a thing. You mean I took a fancy first to somebody else."

Adams frowned and nodded.

"You are right, I did; for, though I don't believe in all that love stuff talked about in books, I no sooner set eyes on her, than I felt that she was a woman for whom I could go through fire and water—lay down my life for her, if it was needed; be her dog—her slave, if she would only give me a kind look now and then; and ——— say Adams," he said, after a pause, "what fools we men are."

Adams did not answer, but sat looking surly and frowning.

"Well," continued Dawson, "then I saw you; and I said to myself, 'One man can do a deal, but with a mate like that whom he could trust through thick and thin—in getting money and guarding it, share and share alike—in facing dangers together, in a fight perhaps for life—what a deal more he could do; and I said to myself, I'll see if I can't know him; and here we are."

Adams nodded again, but he did not speak.

"Now, look here," said Dawson, "I want a friend and companion for what I am going to do. I did mean to start, and do it with my man; but now I ask you to join me."

"And where are you going?" said Adams, quietly.

"Right up into the mountains, far away from the ordinary tracks, to where the mineral riches of the earth are awaiting for a bold hand to be stretched out to grasp them, and enrich himself and those who belong to him for life. Come with me, Englishman, and you shall be rich. We'll clasp hands together and swear to be true through thick and thin, to fight one for the other if needs be, and share all that we drag away from where it has lain hid from the beginning of the world."

"And where may this be?" said Adams, calmly, as compared to the other's excitement.

"Away, I tell you, in the mountains."

"Rather a cruel thing to take those two sweet women far away into so wild a region," said Adams.

Dawson started, and smiled, as he thought of his own words.

"Not with us to act as their guards," he said, earnestly. "Adams, man, it would be for their sakes if we did it at all; and the journey there should be like a pleasure trip—we could be travellers, with our mules laden with provisions, and without need to hurry. It is no trifle I offer to you."

"Perhaps not," said Adams; "but it sounds visionary and strange."

"More so than to go miles away to till the soil?"

"There's a certainty of getting a return for your labour there," said Adams.

"If the sun does not parch it up, or the floods wash it away, or the locusts devour it as soon as it is green. Man—man, I tell you that this is not your own old land, where the seasons come and go like clockwork in a quiet old *effête* way. This country is grand, and one where Nature does nothing by halves. The sun shines as it never shines with you; and when it rains it rains in floods. Bah! let your farming go; what could you ever do with your patch, but plod along and barely exist?"

"And what should I do with you?" said Adams.

"Look here," said the other, lowering his voice; "if I asked you, Frank Adams, to go on a wild hunt up in those mighty regions, I should say that you were wise to refuse; but I tell you, man, that I have definite information of a valley where the silver crops out of the rock in great veins and blocks—a place where for many years the foot of man has not trod. In fact, it was discovered fifty years since by a band of explorers who, after making sure that they were right, and that this was not some Aladdin's dream, marked down the spot; took bearings and measurements, and then started for civilisation, to get mules and packs, and apparatus to smelt and melt down their treasure."

"Well," said Adams," growing interested, for the other had stopped.

"But one man of that party escaped, the rest being cut off by the Indians, and he led a life of slavery for full twenty years. Then he escaped to return to civilisation, a broken enfeebled creature, at whom men mocked when he told his tale, and tried to raise a party to explore, and at last, sick at heart and disgusted, he went South."

"And there you met him?"

"He worked on our estate for years, and took a fancy to me, stirring my young blood with adventurous tales; and at last when he died, bequeathing me his secret and bidding me search for the place and find it, giving me the old mapped-down bearings and such instructions again and again that I could walk straight to the spot, lay my finger upon the rock and say, 'It is here!'"

The slow drawling way, the hesitating pronounciation, the lounging habit all were gone; and Caleb Dawson stood erect and earnest in his excitement, till finishing, he bent forward towards his companion, as if to say, "Now can you refuse?"

And now came out the characteristics of the Englishman, as leaning back in his chair he said,

"And suppose this was all a dream!"

"A dream!" exclaimed Dawson.

"Yes, the day dream of a mad enthusiast who had gone crazy on his one idea."

"The man was as sane as you are this moment. No, stop, more so; for you are hestitating to accept a large fortune which I place before you, saying—'here, take this for your share. Let us be friends and brothers together, and grow wealthy upon this discovery.'"

He stopped short after speaking eloquently and well, apparently ashamed of his earnestness, for he subsided at once into a regular drawl and said:

"I reckon you Englishers have as much go in you as a watch without a mainspring."

"It's a habit we have, friend Caleb Dawson, of looking before we leap."

"Good plan enough sometimes, but fa-*tal* when an Indian 's after you with his scalping iron. Best to leap then and look afterwards."

"And do you thoroughly believe in all this?" said Adams, after sitting back thoughtfully for a time.

"Believe in it? There, man alive, what am I to say to you? I can't preach. Here I am, and here's my hand. I'm not going to swear; but I say to you as man to man, Frank Adams, this is all as true as truth; I have perfect faith in it; join with me, and I'll be like a brother to you through thick and thin; right to the very end. There, I can say no more."

Frank Adams sat back watching him in a cool, calm, impassive way, while the other seemed to throb and glow in his excitement, and an onlooker would have thought how hard and unimpressionable the Englishman was—how his spirits must have been crushed and chilled by the cold and damp of his own land; but he was slow and sure; he was reading the man before him, and calculating in his calm, slow way how far one, who was almost a stranger, could be trusted. It was a wild scheme, he told himself; but then, it was somewhat wild to have come out here to California to seek a living. It would be mad, almost, to enter into such a compact with one he had never seen till within the last few days. But then came the other side: This man evidently loved his sister—so much that he had risked his life for her sake; and in a wild, lawless land, such as the region they were about to seek, where could he find a better man to stand by his side, and whom he could, if needs be, trust to the death?

He sat back, silent and with knit brows, while the fire seemed to die out of Caleb Dawson's eyes, and, with a quiet shrug, he, too, sank back in a chair, drew forth a cigar, and begun to smoke, look dull and disappointed. There was a feeling of annoyance creeping up, too, at what he looked upon as his own foolish ardour; and this was widening into anger that he should have laid himself out so before this cold, stony Englishman.

"Well," he said at last, for Frank Adams remained silent, "everyone to his own liking Mr. Adams. I must ask though that you will be silent about——"

"Stop?" said Frank Adams, sharply, and his companion stared, for the young Englishman had risen and come forward. "I do things slowly, Dawson, and never without consideration, but when I do undertake a task, I do it to the bitter end. You have made me a grand offer. Coming from some men, I should have said it was a mad speculation, and one in which only madmen would embark, but I believe you, and I trust you. Your American dash shall go with my slow English ballast, and God prosper us through it all. There's my hand on it, and I'm with you to the end."

Before he had half spoken, Caleb Dawson had sprung up with flushed brow and flashing eyes, seized the young Englishman's hands in his, and pressed them with a long fervent grasp, looking the while straight in his eyes with a glance that was as full of truth and trust as the Englishman's own. But no word passed his lips till he released the other's hands sank back in his seat, relit his cigar, and, now that all was settled, putting sentiment aside, he exclaimed in a matter-of-fact nasal tone—

"Let's liquor!"

His hand was stretched out to reach the bell, when he stopped short, and listened. Then he started up quick, but without a sound.

"What was that?" he said in a whisper, and he cloaked the whisper, so to speak, by moving an object upon the table.

"What was what?" said Frank, glancing wonderingly at his companion.

"That noise," he whispered, beginning to whistle.

"I heard nothing," said Frank.

"But I did," whispered Dawson, and he set his teeth and held up his finger to command silence.

The next moment he leaned over to Frank and whispered—

"These walls are like so much pasteboard. The hotel is only wood from top to bottom; and I have been chattering like a magpie about our projects with some one playing the spy. Adams, old fellow, the game has begun; ours is to be a time of trouble I'm afraid—brain against brain, hand against hand, so here goes." Then, making a sign to his friend, he whispered, "Answer me aloud, and make the answer long——"

"By the way, Adams," he said, "before I ring for the waiter run over your list of packages—tell me what you brought with you?"

Dawson rattled the match-box as he spoke, struck a light, and kicked a spattoon along the floor; while taking the cue from his companion, and seeing his aim, Frank began to go over the list of agricultural tools he had bought; what seeds he had obtained, and mentioned how they were packed, speaking in a quiet deliberate way as he watched his companion's motions.

The room they were in was of panelled pine and very slight. It was plain enough to both of them now that any one wishing to listen to their conversation might have heard the greater part by holding his ear to a crack, and have seen them merely by thrusting a knife-blade through the panel of the partition or door, and, what was more, they had had the window wide open all the time. They both asked themselves how they could have been guilty of such folly—now it was too late—and the question arose how far it could be counteracted.

Dawson was right, there could be no doubt about that—the first thing to be done was to find out who was the spy, if spy there was. For he might be merely a prying knave, and no enemy, and if so, their fears were wasted; but, on the other hand, they might have been followed to the hotel by one of the scoundrels with whom they had come in contact, and in such a public place there would be no difficulty in such an emissary finding his way up to the door of their room.

Moving silently, while Frank kept on speaking, Dawson crept along by the partition, carefully avoiding the chairs, so as to get round to the door, for it was from there that a faint creak or two had come, and at the end of a minute Frank became aware that there was more in Dawson's words than he had himself anticipated, for there was a faint rasping sound coming very softly but unmistakably from one panel about breast-high, and Frank knew as well as possible that someone was busy with a gimlet boring a hole cautiously through the door, possibly that the actor might obtain a view of those within.

It was hard work to keep on talking in a calm, unconcerned way at such a time, especially with the knowledge that one is being watched, perhaps by more than one eye, and that the object of the hole made in the door may be to enable the scoundrel without to take a good aim at the person within before taking revenge for injuries received, by sending a winged messenger made of lead.

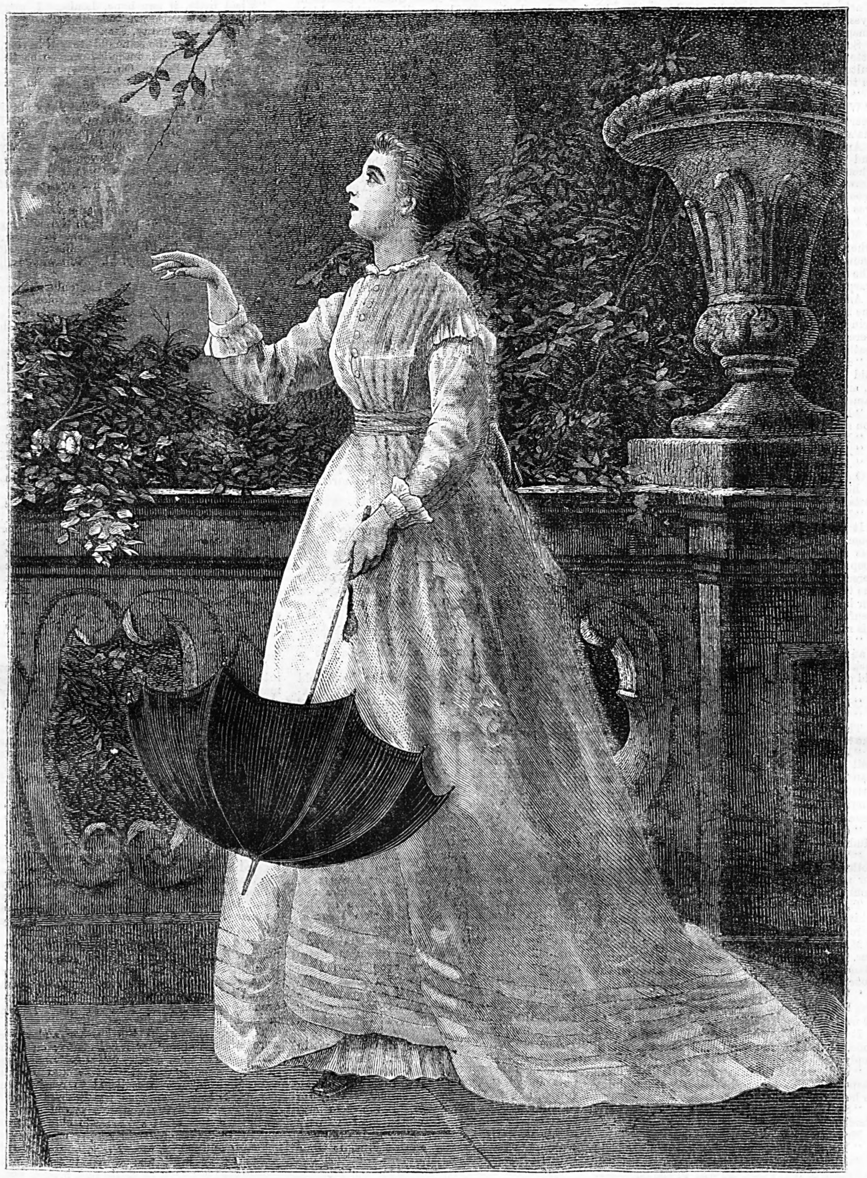
But Frank kept it up admirably, his voice never faltering for a moment; while Dawson, creeping softly closer and closer, now stood watching, till a tiny steel point gradually worked its way through the soft pine wood, forcing out one white splinter, which fell to the floor.

Then farther and farther came the gimlet, till a fair-sized hole was made and a reverse motion was observed, but all going on so quietly that, had not the young man's suspicions been aroused, whoever it was that was busy there, would have performed his task uninterruptedly, whatever might have been his aim.

And now, as Dawson stood with one hand outstretched, so as to be within an inch of the handle and drag the door open, the gimlet was withdrawn, and the talking on the part of Adams became one whose difficulties were extreme; but his voice did not fail, and he kept his eyes fixed in another direction, knowing that he was watched, and feeling at the same time an almost unconquerable desire to turn and see the next proceeding on the part of Dawson.

But the suspense was not of long duration; for as Dawson's hand was just about to close upon the handle, and he had gathered himself up, so that by one rapid motion he could throw open the door, and seize the evesdropper, there was a faint sound without, then a tremendous crash, and a head was dashed right through the panel, which splintered in rays, and catching the intruder round the neck, after the fashion of an eel-trap, effectually prevented all retrograde motion. There was a volley of oaths, the sound of blows, and Frank Adams started forward in amaze as the owner of the distorted countenance strove to get free.

(To be continued.)



DOES IT RAIN?

Patience Dow.

Home from the mill came Patience Dow;
She did not smile, she would not talk;
And now she was all tears, and now,
As fierce as is a captive hawk.
Unmindful of her faded gown,
She sat with folded hands all day,
Her long hair falling tangled down,
Her sad eyes gazing far away,
Where past the fields, a silver line,
She saw the distant river shine.
But, when she thought herself alone,
One night they heard her muttering low,
In such a chill, despairing tone,
It seemed the east wind's sullen moan:
"Ah me! the days, they move so slow!
I care not if they're fair or foul;
They creep along—I know not how;
I only know he loved me once—
He does not love me now!"

One morning, vacant was her room;
And, in the clover wet with dew,
A narrow line of broken bloom
Showed some one had been passing through;
And, following the track, it led
Across a field of summer grain,
Out where the thorny blackberries shed
Their blossoms in the narrow lane,
Down which the cattle went to drink
In summer, from the river's brink.
"The river!" Hope within them sank;
The fatal thought that drew her there
They knew, before, among the rank,
White-blossomed weeds upon the bank,
They found the shawl she used to wear,
And on it pinned a little note:
"Oh, blame me not?" it read, "for when
I once am free, my soul will float
To him! He cannot leave me then!
I know not if 't is right or wrong—
I go from life—I care not how;
I only know he loved me once—
He does not love me now!"

In the farm graveyard, 'neath the black
Funereal pine-trees on the hill,
The poor, worn form the stream gave back
They laid in slumber, cold and still.
Her secret slept with her; none knew
Whose fickle smile had left the pain
That curst her life; to one thought true,
Her vision-haunted, wandering brain,
Secure from all, hid safe from blame,
In life and death had kept his name.
Yet, often with a thrill of fear,
Her mother, as she lies awake
At night, will fancy she can hear
A voice, whose tone is like the drear,
Low sound the graveyard pine-trees make:
"I know not if 'tis right or wrong—
I go from life—I care not how;
I only know he loved me once—
He does not love me now!"

—*Marian Douglas.*

REMARKABLE CURIOSITIES OF MEMORY.—The story of young Montague, whom a chimney-sweep had stolen, and whose aristocratic birth was at last discovered by his recognising his old nursery room, into which he had descended, is an illustration, true to nature, of the recurrence of former impressions from associations of place. A very striking instance of the revival of an early impression, to all appearance wholly obliterated from the memory, through the person being placed in the situation which originally gave it birth, is mentioned by Dr. Haslam. A lady taken to the country in the last stage of an incurable disorder, requested that her youngest child, a girl of about four years of age, might be sent for to visit her, which was accordingly done. The child remained with her mother about three days, and then returned to town. She grew up without any trace or recollection of the visit or of her mother, or of the name of the village in which she had last seen her. After growing up to maturity, she had occasion, along with Dr. Haslam, who had attended her mother in her last illness, to visit the house in which her mother died, without knowing it to have been so. On entering the room where her mother had been confined, her eye anxiously traversed the apartment, and she said: "I have been here before; the prospect from the window is quite familiar to me, and I remember that in this part of the room there was a bed, and a sick lady, who kissed me, and wept." An illustration from the realm of fiction will occur to the reader in the case of "Bertram" in *Guy Mannering.* His return to the scenes of his childhood awakens a train of reminiscences which conduce to the development of his history and legitimate claims.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A BIT OF ROMANCE.—A Chicago correspondent says: "A bit of romance recently came to my notice which has not before appeared in print. Some time in December last, a girl about seventeen years of age, who at that time was serving as table-waitress in a large dining restaurant, was arrested for stealing a packet of money from the pocket of a gentleman's overcoat, which was hanging in the room while he was eating his dinner. At the preliminary examination a party swore to having seen her take the coat down and hang it up quickly again; that she soon left the room for a short time; and as the money was not to be found she was held for trial. In vain she protested that she merely moved the coat to avoid its getting soiled, in vain with tearful eyes she offered to be searched. The circumstances were suspicious and the officers inexorable. In the meantime the gentleman who had los the money became interested in her history, found she was an orphan girl, and though comparatively friendless bearing an excellent character. Further than this, he ascertained she was of English parentage, that her name was the same as his own, and, to make the story short, from evidence which he could not disbelieve, that she was the daughter of his own brother, whom he supposed to have died childless in Australia several years ago. Of course he declined prosecuting her, and, as he is wealthy and without near kin, he at once arranged to take her home with him, on his return from the West, whither he was then en route. The other day he, with his newly adopted child so strangely brought to him, started for New York, whence they will soon sail for England.

Uncle Penfeather's Old Housekeeper.

"There's the telegraph office boy. What can he want?" said Mrs. Montgomery, going to the door as she spoke. "I'm sure I don't know who'd telegraph to us. It must be some mistake."

"Mrs. Margaret Montgomery," said the boy, as though in contradiction of the assertion.

Mrs. Montgomery snatched the message hastily, and the boy departed in the peculiarly slow and unconcerned manner of all messengers attached to telegraph offices, who, instead of being possessed with a sense of great emergency, and a life and death responsibility, as one might suppose they would be, are generally the slowest and most dilatory of beings, and may be known as far as one can see them by their snail-like gait, and a habit of stopping altogether at short intervals to stare at vacancy.

"It's your Uncle Penfeather, Billy," said Mrs. Montgomery, after a perusal of the short dispatch. "He wants me to come at once, and promises to pay expenses. What can it mean?"

"I don't know," said Billy. "Perhaps he's sick."

"I suppose I must go," said Mrs. Montgomery; "but there's Mrs. Finnegan's silk dress; and there's Miss Roberts' polonaise. It will ruin my business."

And Mrs. Montgomery, who had taken to dress-making after her husband's death, shook her head in a melancholy manner.

"Have Hannah Harris in to finish 'em up," said Billy. "Uncle Penfeather is rich, and who knows what may come of it?"

Mrs. Montgomery shook her head again, but she sent for Hannah Harris and packed her little trunk that very night. She had had large trunks full of clothes once in her life, before she married Michael Montgomery, who was only a clerk in a retail store, and so offended her Uncle Penfeather, the rich attorney, who did a little money lending on good security in a private way, and was of the opinion that poverty was a crime.

A little faded woman of forty she was now, and it had taken all that she could earn to live thus far; and Billy, who was just sixteen, had been esteemed fortunate in procuring one of those lucrative situations which are open to youths of his age who are offered six shillings a week for the services of a good accountant, combined with that of errand boy and odd man, with a future prospect of prompt dismissal as soon as they request higher wages.

"How angry Uncle Penfeather was when I saw him last," she said to herself. "Dear, dear! and how pink my cheeks were, and how plump I was. I'm sure he won't know me."

And with these thoughts she found herself at the part of the city in which her uncle still made his residence, and was soon after set down in a cab at the well-known door, which she had left in tears, and followed by bitter reproaches, some twenty years before.

An old woman opened the door.

"Mrs. Montgomery, I suppose?" she said. "I'm the housekeeper, Mrs. Mudge. I don't know as you know how bad poor Mr. Penfeather is. Quite sinking, as one may say. He had a bad accident; fell down stairs and injured his spine; and he'll never be about again I fancy."

"Poor uncle," said Mrs. Montgomery, bursting into tears. "I'll go up at once."

"Yes 'm," said Mrs. Mudge. "He expects you. First floor, front. I'll see to your trunk."

And Mrs. Montgomery ran up stairs.

Mr. Penfeather was in bed, and he checked Mrs. Montgomery's affectionate greeting with a cold "How dye do?"

"I suppose you find me greatly altered, Uncle Pen.?" said Mrs. Montomery.

"Expected to," said Uncle Penfeather. "Wine improves with age. Women don't."

"Ah, no," said Mrs. Montgomery. "And you're very ill, they tell me."

"Who tells you?" asked Uncle Penfeather.

"The lady that opened the door," said his niece meekly.

"My abominable old housekeeper, eh?" asked the sick man.

"Well, she said she was housekeeper," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"Shut the door," said Mr. Penfeather.

Mrs. Montgomery did so.

"Lived with me fifteen years, that old woman has," said the uncle; "paid her two pounds a month; parlour to herself; young woman to help with the work; recommended by the Widows' Benevolent Association; certificates from clergymen; husband killed ringing a big church bell for morning service; tumbled down the bell tower; son janitor of a church; pious connection all around; carried a book of poetry you left about out of doors with the tongs; dismissed the milkman because his brother was a stage carpenter, connected with the theatre, you know; said she thought as much of me as if I was her son. What do you suppose that woman has been doing for these fifteen years?"

"I can't think," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"Well nobody could," said Uncle Penfeather. "She's been robbing me, Margaret. Butcher bill ten pounds—she calls it fifteen, and pockets five; ton of coal charged at half as much again; barrel of sugar sent to her daughter-in-law; piece of linen made up—half the sheets for me, half for her son. How was I to know? Household arrangements, and all that sort of thing. I've been regularly plundered, and I've got proof of everything."

"Scandalous!" said Mrs. Montgomery.

"I should think so," said Mr. Penfeather, "and I thought I'd bound her to me. I made my will ten years ago, Margaret, and I left her this house and ten thousand pounds; the rest to go to the Widows' Benevolent Association. She saw it, and she promised to keep house for me as long as I lived. Splendid housekeeper she is, too. And after that she began to rob me."

"O dear!" said Mrs. Montgomery.

"But I've come up with her," said Mr. Penfeather. "That will is at Attorney Barclay's. She knows it, and thinks she's safe; but I've made another. I'm able to do it myself, you know, and I had a couple of men in for witnesses, and she knows nothing about it. I've got it in bed with me, and what I want you to do is to hide it for me. The ten thousand is for you; the rest for the Bachelors' Aid Society. They hate the Widows' Association."

"Oh, uncle," said Mrs. Montgomery, "You're very kind; but I hope you'll get well."

"I'm not kind," said Uncle Penfeather, "and I can't get well, though I may live a year or two. You know the secret drawer in the bookcase yonder. Nobody else does. She don't. Put it in there. See that the spring is firm. And when I'm dead, after she's begun to hold out her claw for the money, produce that. I shan't say a word. Make her work like a Trojan. Threaten to alter my will if she don't do anything I ask. And I'll enjoy the joke, I can tell you. Hope I shall live three or four years—he! he! he!"

"Uncle, I should be glad to nurse you," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"That would spoil my plan," said Uncle Penfeather. "You may go home to-morrow. You ought not to have accepted Michael; never could make his living; wasteful, idle—never would put by money. No matter. Stay all night. Make her feed you up well. Put her to trouble. And don't forget the secret drawer. Tell your son, in case you should die first. There—I've talked enough. Go and get your tea!"

And Mrs. Montgomery had her tea, and departed from her uncle's house next morning. She never saw him again. However, he did not die at once. He lived two years, and during all that time he never left his bed, and Mrs. Mudge was his sole nurse and housekeeper.

When the news of his death came, Mrs. Montgomery sat down and had "a good cry," as in duty bound; but by and by a remembrance of the will began to cheer her. Ten thousand pounds was a large sum; it would make them very comfortable; and the best thing that they could do was to go at once to the late residence of Mr. Penfeather and produce the will, as he had directed.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Montgomery, as she pinned a piece of crape about Billy's new hat, "what a world this is, to be sure! And what a man you are growing; and so like your poor Uncle Penfeather; just his build exactly, his eyes. When your hair grows white you'll be his image."

So mother and son in their simple mourning attended the funeral, and afterward held a consultation with Attorney Barclay, who had come in to read the will.

"Another will, is there?" said Mr. Barclay. "Well, that's just like the old gentleman. Secret drawer—ah ha! Very well, open it, ma'am."

And Mrs. Montgomery, followed by her son and the lawyer, proceeded to the bookcase. There she stopped, horror-stricken. The secret drawer *was* open. It stood well out from the groove in which it fitted when closed, and there was a great crack in the wood beneath, as though it had been opened by force.

Mrs. Mudge was called. She said, "Indeed!" when the crack was pointed out to her. "She knew nothing about her poor master's intentions. The bookcase was old. She thought it must have warped. It was not her affair."

And in fact no will was found other than the one in Mr. Barclay's possession. This eventually being read, the "Widows" and Mrs. Mudge were the unfortunate dividers of old Mr. Penfeather's property.

"I know that woman has stolen the will," said Mrs. Montgomery, "but we can't prove it, and after all we must go home as poor as we came."

"I suppose so," said Billy. "Mother, didn't you say I looked like your Uncle Penfeather?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Montgomery.

"And his hair was white?" asked Billy.

"As white as snow," said Mrs. Montgomery, "O dear! I should think he couldn't rest easy if he knew of this. She's stolen the will for certain."

"Yes," said Billy, "I think she has."

It was night. Mrs. Mudge sat in her old room. The house now belonged to her, and she was mistress there, but she sat in the housekeeper's room from habit. She had just made herself some tea, and was putting the pot on the table, when a sudden jingle of the bell over her head startled her. It was the bell that Mr. Penfeather used to ring when he wanted her in his room.

"Dead and gone so long," said Mrs. Mudge, "and the last pull he gave that bell has just jerked itself back again, I suppose. Ah! you old gentleman."

"Tinkle, tinkle," went the bell.

"Lord save us!" said Mrs. Mudge.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle."

The bell again. Mrs. Mudge was all alone in the house, and she was growing nervous.

"I'll just look in and see what does make that bell go so," she said; and with a candle in her hand, took her way up stairs. Outside of her master's old room she paused. The bell was ringing again, and the room which should have been dark was light.

"Drat it! what does it mean?" said Mrs. Mudge, and threw the door wide open.

"What do you mean, Mrs. Mudge," cried a hollow voice from the bed. "I've been waiting for my tea and my medicine for two good hours."

There in bed lay Mr. Penfeather. The same white nightcap on his head, the same checked kerchief about his throat.

Mrs. Mudge felt her knees trembling under her. She could not run away; she could scarcely stand. She supported herself by the lock of the door and gasped, and stared at the bed.

"What's the matter?" asked the voice from the bed. "I suppose you thought you'd got rid of me?"

It was so like the living Mr. Penfeather's tone, that Mrs. Mudge found it necessary to reply.

"Well, we did think as you was dead, sir," she gasped. "We—took—the—liberty of imagining as how you was buried, sir."

"So I am," said that which looked like Mr. Penfeather.

Mrs. Mudge gave a little scream.

"Yes, I'm dead," said the being in the bed; "but I can't rest until matters are all settled. My niece couldn't find the will in the bookcase. What did you do with it?"

"La, sir—" faltered Mrs. Mudge. "O dear! Oh!"

"*You* took it," said Mr. Penfeather. "Spirits know everything. *You* stole it, as you did the sugar and other things."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Mudge.

"If you have destroyed it," said Mr. Penfeather, "woe betide you. I'll haunt you every day of your life."

"I haven't—" gasped Mrs. Mudge. "I—was afeared. I buried it in the back garden, under the big pear-tree."

"Dig it up then," said Mr. Penfeather. "Dig it up, Rebecca Mudge, and bring it to me—*or I'll haunt you* for ever."

"Oh, please, sir," said Mrs. Mudge.

"Go then," said the spirit.

Mrs. Mudge went. She tottered down stairs and went out into the garden. She took a shovel and plied it at the foot of the pear-tree and unearthed a grimy piece of parchment, spurred on by the ringing of that ghostly bell the while; and at last she climbed the stairs again, and stood trembling at the door of the haunted chamber.

"You have the will, Rebecca Mudge?" asked the seeming ghost of Mr. Penfeather.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Mudge faintly.

"Give it to me. Put out the lights and go. I can now rest in peace," said Mr. Penfeather.

And Mrs. Mudge, depositing the parchment on the foot of the bed, tumbled out of the room and down the stairs, at the foot of which she fell fainting.

About an hour after this, Mrs. Montgomery heard a knock at the door of the room she still occupied, at a small hotel in the place.

"Who is that?" she cried, in a little alarm.

"It's I, mother," said the voice of Billy. "Hurrah!"

"What about?" asked Mrs. Montgomery.

"I've been playing ghost at Uncle Penfeather's," said Billy, as he shut the door behind him. I got in by the pantry window, and got into bed in a nightcap and shawl. I've frightened her into giving up the will. I've got it! Hurrah!"

And so it proved in truth. It was the lost will which Mrs. Mudge had delivered to the ghost, and the Montgomerys came into their property.

The Women of the Arabs.

There is an Arabic proverb which says: "A man can bear anything but the mention of his women." Perhaps in no language on the face of the earth has hard public opinion been more densely crystallised, or more sparkingly expressed, than in this single utterance. If any true Moslem is obliged to allude to a female, he invariably prefaces her name with the deprecation, which is chosen as the title of this article.

"*Ajellak Allah*" means—May God elevate you! That is, in this connection—May divine grace or power put you out of reach of being contaminated by what I am now going to say! Hence it resembles that quaint Celticism, employed when one has a disagreeable subject to mention: "Saving your presence, sir!"

It is related that there once came to the study of Dr. Van Dyck in Beyroot, a Mohammedan Mufti. One of his wives was ill, and he wished for medical advice. But all the conventional good-breeding he possessed was at risk, if he should insult the good physician by alluding to a female. So he commenced with the usual innumerable salutations, multiplying them all the more copiously by reason of the peril: "Good morning—may your day be happy—may God grant you help"—until he thought he had by compliment sufficiently paved the way to business. Then he proceeded: "Your Excellency must be aware I have a sick *man* in my house. May God give you blessing! Indeed, peace to your head! *Inshullah*, it is only a slight attack!" The amused missionary inquired what was the matter. "*He* has headache, pain in *his* back, and *he* will not eat." Of course immediate attention was engaged: "I will come and see *her* this afternoon; who may it be?" The man fumbled, and out with it: "*Ajellak Allah*, it is my *wife!* May God increase your good! Good morning, sir!"

The concentration of fastidious contempt could seemingly go no farther than this. I am informed that it would not be genteel Arabic for one to begin, without using the same apologetic formula, if he intended to speak of a shoe, a dog, a hog, a donkey, or a woman. The whole notion of the female sex in Egypt and Palestine is degrading and ignoble. Fathers rejoice if a son is given them to keep up the family name; but one of their poets has sung, what the people contentedly repeat: "The threshold weeps forty days whenever a girl is born."—*Charles S. Robinson.*

Uses of Newspapers.

Too low an estimate is apt to be set on the domestic value of newspapers. After reading them, and putting ourselves, through their agency, in mental correspondence with the world, they are thrown aside and forgotten. But to suppose their usefulness bounded by their news columns and the waste-bag is a thriftless mistake.

In the first place, there are the household recipes, to be found in stray corners, often excellent, and deserving a refuge on the fly-leaf of the family cook-book. Then come the pretty verses, the strange and droll stories, the brief biographies and reminiscences which, pasted in a scrap-book, are a source of never-ending pleasure, not only to those who do not care for richer intellectual food, but to those who have only odd minutes for reading.

Notwithstanding the squibs jocular journalists have penned on the use of newspapers for bed-clothing, we know from experience that these are not to be despised. They may not be as comfortable as your blankets, but certainly they keep out the cold. Two thicknesses of papers are better than a pair of blankets, and in the case of persons who dislike the weight of many bed-clothes they are invaluable. A spread made of a double layer of papers between a covering of calico or chintz, is desirable in every household. The papers should be tacked together with thread, and also basted to the covering to keep them from slipping. An objection has been made on account of the rustling, but if soft papers be chosen the noise will not be annoying, especially should the spread be laid between a blanket and the counterpane.

As a protection to plants against cold both in and out doors, nothing is better. If newspapers are pinned up over night at a window between pots and glass, the flowers will not only not be frozen, but will not even get chilled, as they are so liable to be at this season. In the same way, if taken to cover garden-beds, on the frosty nights of early autumn, they will allow the plants to remain safely out doors some time later than is common.

One of the oddest services to put our journals to is the keeping of ice in summer. An ingenious housekeeper recently discovered that her daily lump of ice would last nearly twice as long when wrapped in newspapers, and placed in any kind of covered box, as when trusted solely to a refrigerator. This is very convenient, since it is possible to have the best and cheapest refrigerator constantly at hand.

To polish all kinds of glass after washing, except table glass, no cloth or flannel is half so good as a newspaper; and for a baker's dozen of other uses, quite foreign to its primal purpose, it is without a rival.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Wonderings.

I wonder if ever the hawk,
Sailing the depths of blue
In graceful motion at rest,
Longs to be tender and true
Like the sparrow guarding her nest?
Does the tuneless bird ever long
For the lark's rare gift of song?
Does he ever grieve at his lot,
Or quarrel in vain with fate,
If others are what he is not?
Does he ever deem it a wrong
To swoop on the sparrow's mate?
I wonder if *I* shall find
The task for my hands and mind,
That for me is fittest and best—
In the doing of which is rest—
And weariness in *not* doing?
Ah! happy will be the day
When my toil shall seem like play,
And, whatever I am pursuing,
I shall see with as clear an eye,
And seize with as keen a zest,
As the hawk that drops from the sky
To pounce on the sparrow's nest.

—*A. L. Carlton.*

Louise's Dilemma.

Peeping through the leaves of the woodbine covered bower, and watching eagerly the path through the woodland was a beautiful young maiden. An anxious look was in her deep blue eyes, as pressing her hands over her heart as if to stop its heavy beating, she said:

"Oh, why does he not come? How long a time! If he had good news, I know he would come quicker. Oh, I have not a grain of hope."

The pretty lips quivered then, and she stepped back, and sank on the mossy seat.

A moment after, a sound, slight as the dropping of leaves, caught her ear. She sprang up, and for an instant a bright light shone in her eyes, but quickly died away, as the slow, heavy step came nearer, bringing to sight a tall, noble-looking young man, whose face, if less stern, would have been very handsome.

Without speaking, he clasped her outstretched hand, and drew her within his arms, shaking his head sadly.

"I felt it so, or you would have come sooner," the maiden said, resting her head against his shoulder.

"I had little, if any hope, Louise. I went this last time because you bade me to."

"What did father say, Frank?"

"Over and over the same old story of having, since your childhood, intended you to be the wife of his friend's son. Oh, if I were wealthier, it would be all right, I know," Frank said, his dark eyes flashing.

"Don't talk so, dear. I do not like to hear you impute a wrong motive to my father. I will never, never listen for one moment to any words of love from George Forrester, or any other man but you, Frank. So you may be sure, if papa will not let me marry you, I will never marry at all," Louise said, her eyes, full of tears, looking up to his.

"Louise, I have made three appeals to your father during the year past; each time finding him, if possible, more determined to oppose our happiness. I will never humiliate myself again, and he will never yield. Now what will you do?"

"Wait, hope, and pray. I can do nothing more," Louise answered in a tearful voice.

"Yes, Louise, darling, you can, and secure our immediate happiness. You can come with me, be my own, true wife, love."

"No—no—no! I cannot. I should not secure our happiness. I should be miserable, and make you so."

"Then I have nothing more to hope for. He will not give you to me, and you will not come. Oh, Louise, how can you send me off? You know you are all the world to me! If I lose you, I lose everything. I am alone in the world. There are many loved ones to comfort your father, until he comes to his better nature and calls you back to his heart. Louise, am I to leave you for ever?"

The beautiful dark eyes were looking into his, filled with so much love. How could she resist?

"No—no. I shall die if you leave me—never to come again! Oh, what am I to do? I love you better than my own life, Frank! But, father—oh, how can I desert him? He loves me more than the other children. I am the oldest, his first child, and so like what mother was. That is why he loves me so. And now she has gone I ought to stay—"

"And break your heart and mine too, Louise?"

"If I thought, Frank, you would not mind it very long—"

"You would give me up! And, in time, get into your father's way of thinking, and end by marring the man he wants you to," Franky said, withdrawing his arm and turning away with a great sigh.

"Oh, Frank, how can you talk to me so?"

"Well, Louise, it is useless prolonging our sorrow. I had better say good-bye. and go for ever."

"No, no, Frank, dear love. Oh! what am I to do?"

"Be happy, my own, and make me so. Be my wife, before I return to Worcester. Go with me. Louise, your mother loved me. I know, if here, she would plead for me."

"Yes, she loved you, and perhaps in her blessed home she will pity me, and win for me forgiveness, alike from heavenly as earthly father, if longer my heart cannot resist my love," Louise sobbed, dropping her golden head on her lover's bosom and promising all he wished.

"The last night at home," she said. "On the morrow I must go forth, to return no more the loving, dutiful child. Should he ever consent to have me come back, I can never be again what I once was to his heart. I shall have broken the trust he held in me." Louise moaned.

Tenderly that night the brother and sister were ministered to, her hand resting on each little head, as their lisping voices followed hers in their evening prayer. Willie and Emma arose, their demure faces lifted to receive the good-night kiss. But Rosie, the two-and-a-half-year baby, the dying mother's sacred charge, wound her tiny arms around the elder sister, and with baby-like perversity hung on, lisping:

"Now Louise pay, too. *Pease*, Louise. Do!"

The sunny head was dropped again, and Louise prayed—even as Rosie had begged her, She prayed for guidance to the better way.

Three pair of little pattering feet were resting. Three rosy faces pressed the downy pillow, and Louise's evening task was done.

Gently she stole away.

"I will go to father myself to-night. I will plead with him until he must yield," Louise said, as cautiously closing the door of the nursery she entered her own room.

The evening was oppressive, and Louise's black dress became very uncomfortable. Flitting about, guided by the moonbeams, she sought for something of lighter texture. The mourning robe was laid aside, and a dress, white and fleecy, wrapped her slender form. The clustering ringlets were smoothed back, and rolled in a heavy coil high on the back of her head.

"Now I will go down. Father will be alone at this hour."

Noiselessly she opened the door and glanced into the room. Her father sat with his back toward her, leaning on a table, over which was scattered books and papers. In his hand he held the picture of her mother. She drew back a little, still, however, standing within the door. She dared not interrupt the sacred privacy of the hour. The rustle of her garments, light as it was, must have caught his ear, for his bowed head was raised.

"Mary! my wife! my own!" he cried, starting forward with extended arms. "Thank God for granting me one glimpse of you again!"

Louise, awed and trembling, raised her eyes to see, clothed as in life, the same sweet, gentle face, the rippling hair, caught back from the smooth, clear brow.

"Mother!" she breathed forth.

The room was lighted only by the moonbeams; but the vision was plainly seen. Another eager glance, and Louise stole away to her own room, and sank almost fainting into her mother's chair. A little while, and grown calmer, she opened her eyes, to see again, directly in front of her, the same vision.

She started forward, stretching out her arms, and calling softly, "Mother."

Nearer—nearer she drew, until, face to face, she stood beside the large mirror in front of which she had seated herself.

Unwittingly in one of her mother's dresses she had robed herself, and gathered her curls in the manner her mother was accustomed to.

"How very, very like her I am! Yes, now I know; father saw me in the mirror opposite which I stood. Well, I will not break his sweet delusion. I meant it not, Heaven knows. Oh, if mother could only come to him—in dreams, perhaps—to plead for me! I cannot desert him—I cannot; I *dare* not! But Frank—oh, how can I give him up! I will give up neither, but clinging to both loved ones, will trust to Heaven for a happy decision."

With this determination she sank to sleep, sweet and undisturbed.

Early next morning, as usual, she was in the breakfast-room, ministering to the little ones clustering around her. The father's frown had lost its accustomed sternness, as he stood regarding his eldest child. A gentle sympathetic light, was in his eyes as they rested on the sweet face grown older, much, in those days of anxious care. How matronly she looked! So patiently listening to, and answering every wish of the little ones.

At last they were all satisfied, and Louise seeing, as she thought, her father deeply interested in the morning paper, stole away to the trysting-place.

"I cannot leave him, Frank. *Indeed*, I *never* can, without his blessing resting on me. No, no!" she cried, as she saw the disappointed and fixed expression of her lover's face, on gaining the spot where they had appointed to meet. "I have tried in vain to make my mind up to it. How can I give up either? loving you both so well."

"You have trifled with me, Louise; you have broken your promise, too. You will, most likely, never see me after this morning, if I go from you. Are you determined?"

"Yes, dear, dear, Frank, I am determined not to go unless father blesses and bids me go. I will trust my happiness to him, and God, who ruleth all things," Louise answered, looking very sorrowful, notwithstanding her faith.

"Then, good-bye."

She raised her face, pale and pleading, to his:

"Kiss me; good-by, Frank, and say, 'God bless you,'" she whispered.

He did as she pleaded, but there was an injured air in his manner. As he parted from her, she sprang after him, crying:

"Forgive me, Frank, if I have wounded you. Know that to me it is worse. One little parting look of love, darling!"

"Oh, Louise, how can you?" he pressed her again to his heart, looked lovingly enough; but his eyes, as plain as words could, repeated Tennyson's lines:

"Trust me all in all
Or not at all."

And determined to make one more appeal, he said:

"Louise, darling! love! trust me for happiness. You will never repent it. Come!"

"No, no. Go!"

He turned off quickly, angrily then; and Louise sank sobbing on the grass.

"My daughter!"

She raised her eyes, heavy with tears. Beside her, with a sad but kind and gentle face, her father stood. With him, a puzzled, doubtful expression on his features, her lover.

"Oh, Frank, I am so—so glad to see you again?" she cried, with as much joy beaming in her eyes as though their parting had been for years.

"Yes; as it is so very long since you saw him last!" her father said with a pleasant smile:

"I feared it would be for years, perhaps for ever," Louise said, in a low voice, anxiously regarding her father, and longing to beg an immediate explanation of her lover's return.

"My daughter, what did you intend to do after sending off this young man? Be a dutiful child, and wed as I wish you."

"Never, never, father! I intend to be dutiful only so far as not wedding against your wishes, that is all—to leave the future to God, only praying constantly that some blessed influence may be sent to change your mind and heart." Louise answered, raising her eyes to his, filled with earnest determination.

"Your prayers must have commenced already, my child. Some influence hath surely been sent—some blessed influence, I truly believe. Yes, my child, you will wed to please your father. Here, Frank, take her. I ought to scold you for trying to coax her from me. I heard it all this morning. But I forgive you for her sake, and bless you, too, boy, for the sake of the one in heaven, who loved you. There, there, daughter, don't choke me with your kisses. Take her off, Frank, and make her happy. She is a good child, and will make a true and loving wife. God bless you both, my children!"

And so ended Louise's dilemma and her intended elopement.

Horace Greeley's Handwriting.

Horace Greeley's "copy" was a continuous string of riddles for the unfortunate compositors engaged on the paper of which he was proprietor, riddles they often solved in a way not exactly conducive to the propounder's serenity. When, in exposing some congressional malpractices, Greeley wrote, "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," the familiar quotation appeared in the un-Shakespearian guise, "'Tis two, 'tis fifty, and fifty 'tis, 'tis five!" A leader upon William H. Seward came forth headed "Richard the Third." These, under the circumstances, excusable delinquencies, were capped by the painter of *New York Tribune* bulletins. Having received a notice in the well-known but ever unintelligible hieroglyphics, intended to inform the public that they must seek "Entrance in Spruce-street," after some hours hard study and cogitation, the puzzled man of the brush, in sheer desperation, dashed off in large letters, "Editors on a Spree," and posted the extraordinary announcement on the front door of the *Tribune* office. Writing to decline an invitation to lecture, Horace said: "I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next February 3rd. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand, certainly not now." Rather to his surprise, he soon received the following reply: "DEAR SIR—Your acceptance to lecture before our Association next winter, came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it, but we succeeded, and would say your time, February 3rd, and terms, sixty dollars, are entirely satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in the immediate vicinity; if so, we will advise you."—*Chambers's Journal.*

A Song of May.

I.

May is like my bonny love;
Heaven's own blue is in her skies—
So 'tis in my dearie's eyes.
May, I love; my love, I love;
May is fair,
May is rare,
Who with May can e'er compare?

II.

May hath balmy breath of flowers;
May hath roses fresh and sweet;
Blithely on her dancing feet,
Come and go the sunny hours.
May so fleet—
May so sweet—
Who with May can e'er compete?

III.

O, my love hath roses too—
And her breath is balmy sweet,—
And her lissome, dancing feet
Scarce disturb the flowerets' dew.
My love is rare,
My love is fair,
My love with May can aye compare.

IV.

O, my love hath brow of snow;
Golden sunshine, bright and fair,
Nestles in her coiling hair,
And her voice is soft and low.
Come, May, and greet
My love so sweet—
My love with May can aye compete.

Literary Rambler.

TRUE HEROISM.

Let us say, then, that true heroism must involve self-sacrifice. Those stories certainly involve it, whether ancient or modern, which the hearts, not of philosophers merely, or poets, but of the poorest and most ignorant, have accepted instinctively as the highest form of moral beauty—the highest form, and yet one possible to all. Grace Darling rowing out into the storm toward the wreck.—The "drunken private of the Buffs," who, prisoner among the Chinese, and commanded to prostrate himself and kotoo, refused in the name of his country's honour—"He would not bow to any Chinaman on earth:" and so was knocked on the head, and died surely a hero's death. Those soldiers of the "Birkenhead," keeping their ranks to let the women and children escape, while they watched the sharks who in a few minutes would be tearing them limb from limb. Or, to go across the Atlantic—for there are heroes in the Far West—Mr. Bret Harte's "Flynn of Virginia," on the Central Pacific Railway—the place is shown to travellers—who sacrificed his life for his married comrade—

"There, in the drift,
Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
Ready to fall.
Then in the darkness
I heard him call—
'Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me.'

"And that was all
Heard in the din—
Heard of Tom Flynn,
Flynn of Virginia."

Or the engineer, again, on the Mississippi, who, when the steamer caught fire, held, as he had sworn he would, her bow against the bank till every soul save he got safe on shore—

"Through the hot black breath of the burning boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard;
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knew he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the 'Prairie Belle.'

"He weren't no saint—but at Judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shake hands with him.
He'd seen his duty—a dead sure thing—
And went for it there and then:
And Christ is not going to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

To which gallant poem of Colonel John Hay's—and he has written many gallant and beautiful poems—I have but one demurrer: Jim Bludso did not merely do his duty, but more than his duty. He did a voluntary deed to which he was bound by no code or contract, civil or moral; just as he who introduced me to that poem won his Victoria Cross—as many a cross, Victoria and other, has been won—by volunteering for a deed to which he, too, was bound by no code or contract, military or moral. And it is of the essence of self-sacrifice, and therefore of heroism, that it should be voluntary; a work of supererogation, at least towards society and man—an act to which the hero or heroine is not bound by duty, but which is above though not against duty.—*Charles Kingsley.*

EARLY MARRIAGES IN THE EAST.

The most lamentable thing of all, in the domestic arrangements of these unhappy Syrian people, is the early age at which the girls are married. The Arabic journal, the *Jenneh*, made a boast one day of having seen a grandmother of *twenty* years, herself having been married before she was *ten!* Dr. Meshakah, of Damascus, that venerable, white-bearded patriarch, with his little wife whom he married at *eleven* years of age, remarked that in his day young girls received no training at home; young men who wanted wives to please them, had to marry them early, so as to educate them to suit themselves. One of the scholars in the Beyroot Seminary came in at eight years of age, and remained for two years. At ten her parents sent for her, and took her away to be married. And one of the teachers records in a very artless way what carefulness they had getting her off, and sending her dolls wiith her!—*Charles S. Robinson.*

CURIOSITY IN N. CAROLINA.

It was fast growing dark as we rode on to the winding road in the valley of Jonathan's Creek. As we were rattling by a log farm-house in a deadening, a loud voice cried:

"Strangers, wait a minnit till I ketch my ole mule, or he'll foller you uns clean down to Boyd's, I reckon."

The owner of the voice, carrying a log on his shoulder, came up through the fields as he said this, and, throwing down his burden, secured the restive mule, who was looking over the low fence, after which he turned to each one of the party, and asked,—

"What might be your name?"

Having settled any doubts he possessed as to our identity, he gave us good evening civilly enough, and struggled with his log again.

Farther on a young farmer crossing the creek came to us as we inquired the distance, and, before giving us the desired information, said "What mout be your names?" "Whar are ye from?" After which he added carelessly, "Mile 'n half; good evenin'."—*Edward King.*

HAIR-DRESSING IN CHINA.

I never could find out precisely what was the great joy of a Chinese woman's life, but I think it must be "dressing her hair." This is done with an elaborate artistic science curious to see. This hair-dressing is the woman's accomplishment; a man would be considered quite out of place—and I think they are right. Their hair is invariably black, and very long. It is drawn back tightly from the face, and stiffened with a gum made from a certain kind of wood. It is piled up in a wonderful pyramid of bows, loops, wings, twists, leaves, flowers, rolls, all so still that they stand alone without the aid of pads, roulets, puffs, or hair-pins. Not a single hair is astray, the whole highly polished, or, I should say, veneered, which keeps it smooth for nearly a week, when the fabric is taken down and remodelled. "How do they sleep?" asks a curious reader. I reply, Quaker fashion, "How did our great-grandmothers sleep when they wore those immense busbies on their heads?" I presume they had a pillow made on purpose. The Chinese ladies have a small leather pillow, which fits underneath the back of the neck, and keeps the head in a settled position. Others have a case or box, in which they put the whole head comfortably, and which protects the coiffure from being disordered. It is, *par excellence*, the most intricate structure that could be made with hair, and when adorned with real flowers and gems is both an elegant and imposing head-dress—when badly arranged it is stiff and ungainly.—*Theresa Longworth.*

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS.

Harry Baylis (Hood's "Hal Baylis"), a great (albeit to the world obscure) wit, and a friend of Douglas Jerrold, and Joe Allen, an accomplished artist and drawing-master at the Bluecoat School, were the heroes of a piece of humour which under our present superfine conditions of civilisation could scarcely be repeated, and would certainly fail to be appreciated. They used to go down on all-fours in the club-room (in days when clubs were convival and not stuck-up), put their heads together, and simulate the conversation of a pair of hackney-coach horses—"prads," as these steeds were called in the slang of the day. Allen's remarks on the proportion of chaff to the hay in his nose-bag, and Baylis's complaints of the rib-roasting he had endured from the vicious Savage on the box, the whole mingled with sententious reflections on men and manners, were exquisitely humorous. In the delightful "Recollections" of Mr. J. R. Planché there are frequent allusions to the mad waggeries once indulged in without shame by clever men—waggeries which in this age of "sweetness and light" would be scouted as so much vulgar tom-foolery. Only fancy the beautiful Mrs. Rousby knocking run-away raps in Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, or Mr. H. Irving offering to ride a rhinoceros in a menagerie! Yet precisely such pranks were played by the beautiful Mrs. Inchbald and by the sublime John Kemble himself. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

AN ASTONISHED ARTIST.

"In looking at some of the pictures that I see here," writes a correspondent from abroad, "I can imagine that they were painted by an artist of whom I heard the following story in Brussels the other day. His indulgent friends had praised his attempts at drawing and painting to such an extent that the youth really imagined himself an artist. His wealthy friends even bought his pictures for considerable sums, 'to encourage him.' The youth was thus the victim of his friends—as so many others are. Recently, in walking along the main street in Brussels, he was much delighted at seeing one of his pictures, finely framed, in a dealer's window, especially as he was with a lady before whom he wished to appear in the best light possible. Calling the attention of the lady to the picture, he said, 'Pardon me, but I have some curiosity to know how my pictures stand commercially;' and with that the two entered the shop. 'My good woman,' said he to the keeper of it, 'what is the price of the picture in the window there?' 'That?' 'Yes.' 'Three francs and a half.' '*Mon Dieu!*' cried the artist, recoiling. The shopwoman, thinking the exclamation to be surprise at her high price, said, 'Bless me, it includes the frame!'"

The Ladies' Own Corner.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The *Young Englishwoman* has the following:

MORNING DRESSES.

Self coloured materials are still almost exclusively worn. Except in percale and foulard, no figured fabrics appear. Stripes are almost the only exception. A favourite device is to have the skirt with wide stripes, and the tunic with narrow ones of the same colour; in foulard costumes the tunic is made with figured material, and the skirt with the self-coloured.

Very pretty dresses for the morning are made of light coloured batiste. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces, embroidered with a pattern of wheels in broderie Anglaise, scalloped out and worked in button-hole stich round the edge. A second skirt is worked in the same way all round the bottom. The body is V-shaped in front, with basque and revers upon the sleeves—all worked to correspond. The skirt and jacket bodice of écru foulard, embroidered in the same style with silk, and worn over a noisette silk skirt, compose a very elegant walking costume.

THE COSTUME COMPLET.

The costume complet, however, is now made only for the garden and country, as it is no longer considered bon ton to walk in the streets en taille, that is without any extra mantle. Of these there are various new and elegant models.

First, a demi-saison jacket, which is likely to become also a great favourite this summer at the seaside, of light coloured cloth, richly braided. This jacket is tight-fitting at the back, and loose in front; the sleeves fall straight and square, and are open from the bend of the arm like those of the dolman; it terminates at the top with a high standing-up collar. The same model is also made of black cashmere, beaded with jet.

The mantilla is a more dressy model, and is made of black faille or grosgrains. It falls like a short loose paletôt at the back, and is lengthened into two wide square lappets in front; the sleeves are curved from the bend of the arm. The trimming is generally rich beaded passementerie and guipure, or Chantilly lace.

The short rotonde, slashed at the back and fastened at the waist with a large bow, though not so new a model, is still in great favour this spring, and is made both of cashmere and silk.

The cuirasse is a more novel and more prononcé style of vêtement, being perfectly moulded to the figure, and without sleeves. The typical cuirasse is entirely made of jet bead work, and is very pretty and effective over a black silk dress, but the name is now also given to tight-fitting jackets of silk or other materials.

GIRLS' DRESSES.

Little girls invariably wear the low square bodice and single skirt, slightly looped up behind with a wide sash. Grisaille materials, piped with bright-coloured silk, form very pretty little toilets for them. In France little girls always wear high muslin or cambric chemisettes, with long sleeves under their low, short-sleeved frocks. It is the fashion for them this summer to have, instead of a mantle, a fichu of white or coloured crêpe de chine, crossed in front and tied at the back. These pretty fichus should match the colours of the dress or its trimmings; it is edged with fringe. Those of real crêpe de chine are very expensive, but there are pretty imitations. As a contrast to the diminutive chapeaux worn in town, hats for the garden and country are made very large and broad brimmed. Some are very coquettishly turned up on one side with a cluster of flowers.

NOVELTY IN DRESS.

The Queen has the following under head of fashions: Worth has composed a charming novelty expressly to wear at races. It is a redingote made of a striped material, a mixture of wool and silk. The stripes are wide, and are studded with small flowers; they are used alternately with other stripes of English embrodiery, both running longitudinally. The same style of confection i also made with velvet and guipure d'art bands. Sleeves that form a contrast with the rest of the jacket are now adopted as a general fashion, and are in my opinion somewhat jockeyish in effect. For a simple costume for a young married woman at this time of year the following is in good taste: A faille skirt of the plum colour known as "prune de Monsieur," trimmed with two plaitings of the same; the tunic is silver-grey poil de chèvre, bordered with a prune de Monsieur cross-band, and tied at the back with three prune bows. The jacket is grey mohair, corded with prune, and has square pockets and prune faille sleeves; grey straw bonnet, trimmed with whitethorn and prune ribbon. Transparent fabrics will shortly be coming into use. Those of écru gauze studded over with flowers or butterflies to match the under dress are very stylish. A pretty toilette consists of a demi-train of maroon faille, trimmed in front with three, and at the back with seven flounces, plaited perpendicularly.

Flower Garden and Kitchen Garden.

Flower Garden.—Bedding Out.—Choose dull dry weather if possible, while the ground is moderately moist. Have the plants pretty dry, by withholding the water the day they are to be turned out. By watching the barometer, and getting all planting done just before rain, much labour in after-watering will be saved.

Kitchen Garden Work.—To ensure abundant supplies of vegetables throughout the summer a considerable degree of activity in the kitchen garden is necessary at the present moment. Weeds are everywhere growing with amazing rapidity, especially on quarters filled with cabbages planted in the autumn, winter spinach, and the early-sown crops of peas. These quarters should be hoed over in dry weather, for the double purpose of destroying the weeds and loosening the surface. Soil that has become firm and compact on the surface may be hoed deeply or pricked up with a fork, for to break up the soil in a manner that will admit of the air and warmth now derived from the sun at this season permeating it is a decided advantage, as will be seen by the more vigorous growth of the crops. After hoeing over quarters filled with cabbages, peas, and a few other crops, a little of the surface soil should be drawn to the rows to afford increased support to the lower part of the stems. The thinning out of the advancing crops of all kinds must not under any consideration be long delayed after it has become necessary. There is not perhaps much work of this kind to be done yet, but as everything is now growing freely, the beds of onions, carrots, spinach, and a few other things will require thinning. This work should be commenced at an early stage and done in a gradual manner, to avoid the risk of injuring the crop. It is also well worthy of being borne in mind that peas requiring support should have the sticks put to them before they attain a considerable height and fall over, for in putting the sticks to them afterwards the stems are usually more or less injured, and the crop is in consequence not so abundant as would otherwise be the case. During the next few weeks several important crops will have to be sown, and a few words in reference to them will perhaps be useful. We will take first one of the least important.

Scarlet Runners.—This well-known vegetable is undoubtedly one of the most useful for gardens of small size. The quality of the produce is too well known to need comment; in productiveness it is quite unsurpassed; it has also the advantage of being ornamental. In very small gardens—such, for example, as are a hundred feet or so in length and of the same width as the dwelling house—it is perhaps the most profitable vegetable to grow. It will pay for good sticks, but in small gardens it is not worth while to have them more than six feet or so in height above the ground-level. As the runners root deeply and enjoy plenty of nourishment, it is a most excellent plan to prepare a trench in much the same manner as for celery, but not so great a depth, a depression of two or three inches being quite sufficient for preventing the escape of the water when artificial supplies are necessary. In sowing it is well to make an allowance for those that will be destroyed by the snails, but overcrowding is very injurious, and as soon as they begin to run they will be tolerably safe from the snails, and they should be thinned out to a uniform distance of six inches apart, and the sticks put to them.

Dwarf French Beans.—These also are most useful, for they are tolerably productive, and the produce is generally very acceptable. Although the heaviest crops are obtainable from well-manured ground, they bear very well in rather poor and light soils, and are not so much injured by dry weather as peas and a few other crops. To ensure good crops, they should be sown rather thinly in rows, not less than two or three feet apart, according to the habit of growth of the several varieties. They should be four inches or so apart in the rows, because when they are so crowded they smother each other, and are by no means productive.

Summer Spinach.—To secure good supplies of this vegetable, sow on well-manured and deeply-dug soils, for on poor soils the plants soon run to seed, and the supply of leaves is of necessity small and poor in comparison with those obtainable from plants in a luxuriant state. The safest course is to sow moderately thick, and when the plants are a few inches in height thin out moderately. The thinnings can have the roots removed, and then be sent to the kitchen. Spinach is not a profitable crop in a small garden.

Vegetable Marrows.—To have an early supply, it is needful to sow under glass, and plant out when all danger from frost is past; but good supplies, although rather later, may be had from plants raised from seed sown in the open border. Perhaps the best course for an amateur is to raise the stock in a frame or greenhouse, so as to have sturdy plants with two or three well-developed leaves when they are turned out. The vegetable marrow luxuriates in a rich soil, and, if planted in a layer of soil spread over a heap of manure, it will grow most vigorously and produce heavy crops; but good supplies may be obtained from those planted in the ordinary manner on the level, and it is not at all necessary to incur a heavy expense in providing the manure.

Planting Spring-sown Crops.—Not unfrequently owners of small gardens are in a great hurry to raise seeds of some of the vegetable crops in heat, and when they have so raised them are in no hurry to plant them out. Plants so raised are of necessity tender, and require nursing, but any little attention to them will be well repaid. Let us take a pan filled with lettuce or cauliflower plants which has been in the greenhouse or cucumber frame. To allow the plants to remain until they are hardy enough to be planted out in the permanent quarters would be to ruin them, because they would bceome so drawn and spindly as to be of small service, and if planted out at once the danger of their being eaten by snails or severely punished by the weather is incurred. The best way of dealing with these things is to select a sheltered corner, make the surface soil fine, and prick them out at a distance of two inches apart each way. With a very little attention, in the way of watering, shading, &c., they will become established quickly, acquire strength at a rapid rate, and, consequently, soon be ready for planting out. The labour is very trifling, and the results will more than pay for it twice over.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

Nick-Nacks.

"Husband, if an honest man is God's noblest work, what is an honest woman?" "His rarest, dear," was the uncivil reply.

"Don't you take rather too much spirit for a single man?" asked a kind man of one who was indulging pretty freely. "I beg pardon, sir; I have been married this ten years," was the answer.

A gentleman riding towards Edinburgh, and seeing a boy on the road, shouted out to him, "My lad, am I half-way to Edinburgh?" The lad looked up at the querist and said, "Hoo dae I ken when I dinna ken whar you've come frae?" Man and horse vanished.

This is the way a young reporter congratulated a friend on his marriage:

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of life,
Rashly importunate,
Taken a wife."

If a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, it is no less true that a thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Student: "Professor, can you see anything in my eye? It feels very sore." Professor: "I see a very bad pupil, sir."

A coquette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid; because she keeps her beau in a quiver.

"Halloa, there, Betsy, what o'clock is it, and where's the chicken pie?" "It's *eight*, sir."

Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father? Because he is a little Bigger.

A Warning for Fashionable Assemblies.—Look out for the paint!

A gentleman lying in bed one morning was informed that he'd better get up quick, as breakfast was just coming up. "Let it come!" he exclaimed defiantly; "it will find me ready to meet it!"

A Gainer by Change.—"I'm not myself at all to-day," said a bore to a wit. "No matter for that," was the reply. "Whoever else you may be, you are a gainer by the change."

If you wish to hear all your faults freely canvassed, have your portrait taken, and invite your friends to come and keep you company.

There is no danger of a lack of water supply in any of our large cities so long as the milkmen are not interfered with.

What is the difference between a donkey and a postage-stamp? One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.

France should be painted like Fortune, standing on a wheel—for she seems to have quite a turn for revolutions.

A Toast by a Tailor.—A man who has no bills against him belongs to the highest order of *no-bill*-ity.

German expressman, to mistress of the house: "I have got der shmall pox vot vas shent for you." Mistress of the house hastily shuts and bolts the door, and sends the servant out the back way for a disinfectant.

"You are writing my complaint on very rough paper, sir," said a client to his lawyer. "Yes," responded the lawyer, "because you see, the Court always requires these things to be filed."

Mrs. B——'s husband, returning home one dark night, had to cross a river where there was only a temporary bridge. He missed his footing, fell into the water, and was drowned. The body was recovered next day by the neighbours, minus his bag, broad bonnet, which had been carried down the stream. When taken home to his sorrowing wife, the poor woman was nearly crazed with grief, but remarked, in the midst of her wailing and lamentations, about the loss of her "muckle darning needle," which, she said, "was in a bonnet; and it had sic a fine e'e."

An omnibus driver was recently discharged for stopping to take a drink, on the testimony of a man who said he saw him take a gall-on.

Going Off.—"I thought you told me, doctor, that Smith's fever had gone off!" "Oh, yes; but it and Smith went off together."

Hue and Cry.—A contemporary wants to know if, when young ladies blush and weep, they can be said to raise a *hue* and *cry*.

If a lover finds a pleasant note from his sweetheart stuck in his key-hole, it is a key-note to his heart.

A girl with a "ringing laugh" caused an alarm of fire the other day. They took her for a *belle*.

A cross old bachelor suggests that births should be announced under the head of new music.

Marriage makes a man and woman one; but the trouble is to tell which of them is the one.

"I wouldn't be a cook for the whole world!" exclaimed a fashionable young lady, to her betrothed lover. "Of course not," he replied. "If you were to cook for the whole world, you would never get through your work; but you'll be able to manage it nicely for our little family."

"I say, Tom, do you see that boat floating along down stream, there?" "Yes; what of it?" "Why, I was struck with its resemblance to a pile of snow." "I don't see any resemblance." "Well, it's plain enough that it's a *drift*, anyhow."

"A vacuum would be the best place for a fellow to fall into, wouldn't it, Bill? For then, you know, he would't fall against anything?" "Yes, he would, though," stoutly answered Bill. "He would fall against his inclination."

"How do you define the phrase, 'as black as your hat?'" asked a finical professor of a student who had just used that expression. "Well, sir," replied the student, "I should define it to be *darkness* that *might* be *felt!*"

A girl, hearing her mistress ask her husband to bring Dombey and Son with him, when he came home to dinner, set two extra plates for the expected guests.

We are constantly told that "the evening wore on"—but what the evening wore on such occasions we are not informed. Was it the close of a summer's day?

If the voices of the deep were supposed to be uttered by fish, what language would be the most natural for them to use? The language of the Finns.

What singular contradictions there are throughout nature and life. For example: Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produces coolness.

The scientists have settled the matter beyond all question that it is a mistake to suppose that the sun is supported in the sky by its beams.

"The sewing machine is an ingenious invention," said Mr. Buncle to his wife. "Yes, dear, sew it seams," was the demure reply.

A celebrated lawyer was in the habit of saying: "I always study the *feesability* of a case before I undertake it."

A careful investigator has discovered that coffee is like a dull axe, because it has to be ground before it is used.

Who was the first whistler? The wind. What tune did he whistle? "Over the hills and far away."

A mathematical conundrum: What is the form of an escaped parrot? A pollygon (Polly gone).

What kind of drum is that which is always best when it cannot be beaten? A conundrum.

The nation which produces the most marriages is fascination; the most divorces, abomination.

Aunt Hepzibah thinks that the only use for ropes of sand is to keep the ocean tide.

The shoes most in vogue for exploring tropical streams and bayous are alligators.

Good jokes are like good nuts; the drier they are the better they crack.

Sir Peter Lely.

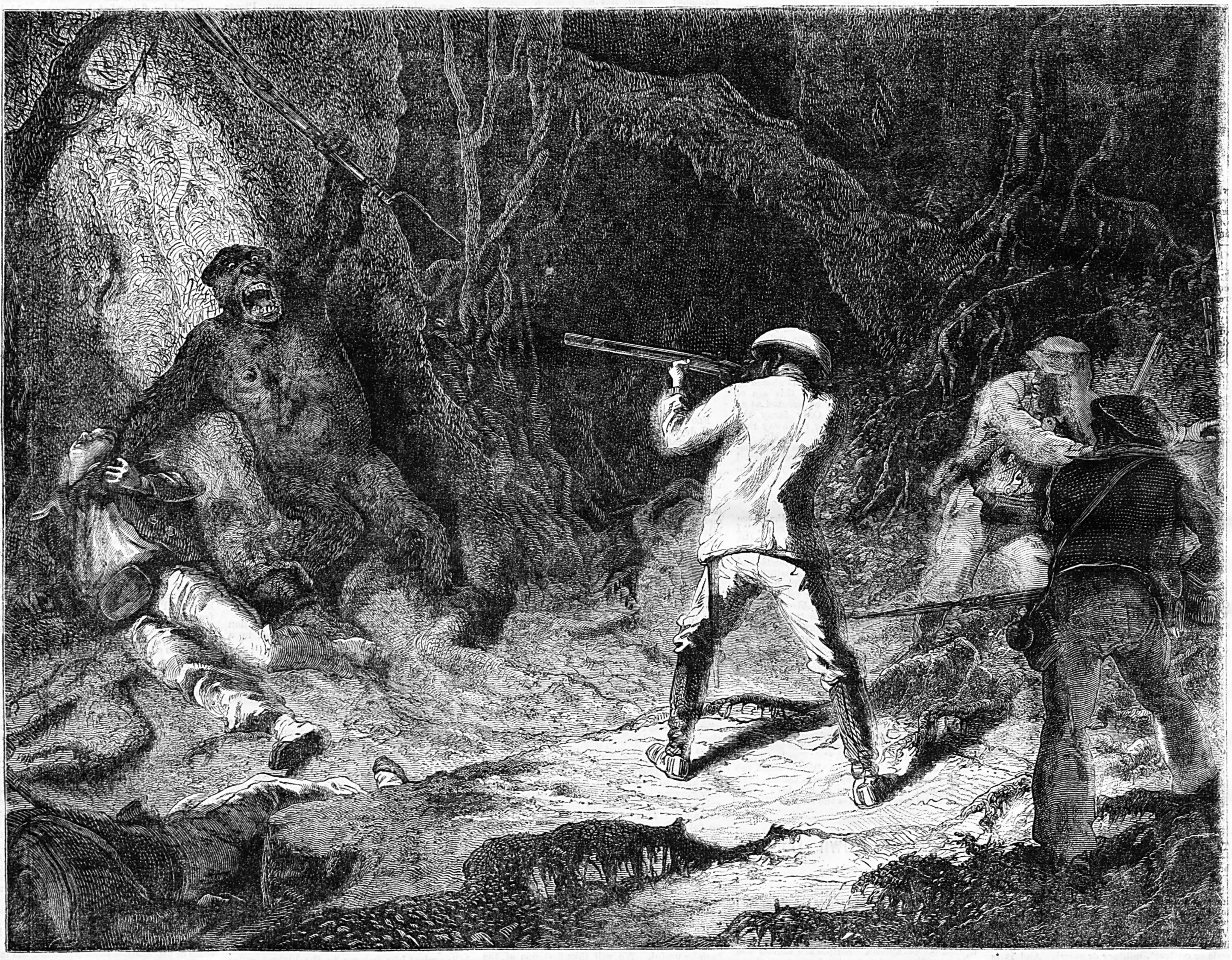
When Charles the Second dubbed Peter Lely knight, and made him a gentleman of the bed-chamber, Sir Peter had acquired the right to live like a knight and a gentleman. The painter had saved money, had put it out at interest, and invested it in land. He had estates and honest tenants in both Lincolnshire and Herts; and the great artist was not a stern landlord. When he had the vapours, or when his lady had—a woman of good family, but so totally unremarkable that she fades out of the household picture altogether—he could change from his town house to his surburban cottage at Kew, or to a country residence, as easy as any nobleman, and with as little uneasy thought about the cost. But he was most at "home" in Covent Garden, where he lived indeed a deservedly "mighty proud man," with infinite grandeur but without selfishness. His table was not laid out in state exclusively for his own gratification. He gathered his friends around it, enjoyed with them the delights he had earned, and partook with them of the generous fare he had already paid for. His cellars were rich in favourite liquids, from rare wines to the then still popular *mum*. Curious clocks, rich furniture, antique cabinets, stately beds, quaint mirrors, costly plate and jewels, these were only small matters in a house where the artist had brought together the noblest private collection of pictures then existing in England, and among them were six-and-twenty Vandycks. Next to them and to the art by cunning exercise of which they were produced, Sir Peter loved music. Half-a-dozen caged singing-birds made his house and garden joyous. His violins, his bass-viols, his theorbos, and his harpsicals discoursed him most exquisite music while he sat at dinner, when, Nagle says, he was fed with sweet sounds as well as with rich viands. In summer, fancy may see him and his group of familiars assembled on his lawn, which extended up to Long-acre, while amateurs or professional friends touched the instruments he kept for harmonious use. Lely's "books of devotion" may justify us in the conclusion that he was not far from godliness; and his "bathing tubs" show that he was beyond his age, and loved what is next to godliness—cleanliness. These items we gather from his executors' accounts.—*Temple Bar.*

Manners & Customs in China.

I underwent the process of stiffening, combing, plastering, and building up more than once, for the gratification of my lady friends. When completed, my head looked like a bundle of shavings, which evinced a remarkably pertinacious dislike to stick up; and such an unadmirable colour did it assume under the varnish that it was seriously proposed to dye it black. On the other hand, my drawing and writing were highly appreciated, as these are men's accomplishments. Few women are taught to read or write, whereas nearly every boy is instructed by the monks in reading and handling the paint-brush, with which they form their caligraphy. I was surprised to find in this so-called benighted country that even the coolie chair-bearers could read, while at home few cabmen were so advanced. This education is insisted upon by the Government, merely for the purposes of their trade, and not for any abstract idea of acquiring knowledge. If a boy displays quickness at his books he does not necessarily aspire to become a clerk instead of a coolie, as in Europe, which in the sequel would leave the world without manual workers at all. For it is simpler for a boy to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic than a good trade, and by the time the whole of the working population is educated we shall find ourselves, like the Americans, obliged to import labourers annually—but from where? Ireland cannot produce labourers for ever, nor Germany either, and it would be curious to see, in fifty years hence, Chinese coolies in England.—*Temple Bar.*

A Marriage Mistake.

A most interesting incident occurred some time since in the old city of Hums, the influence of which is felt even to the present day.



ADVENTURE IN A FOREST.

In 1863, Dr. Jessup was invited up to perform the marriage ceremony of two Protestant young men, the first of the kind in that region. The grooms, Ibrahim and Yunis, came in to make arrangements. When they heard the form, as read over to them, they expressed much surprise that the brides were going to be asked to say No and Yes in the course of it; indeed, they would need to be very careful, lest they should get the syllables in the wrong places. The minister proposed to go over to the residences of the girls, and give instructions to all at the same time. Against this they violently protested, saying they had never visited either bride's house when she was present, and it would be a grievous breach of decorum if they were to do so. So Dr. Jessup alone went, with some of the girls' relatives, to point out the place. But only the utmost diplomacy prevailed upon the girls to even see him; even then they were partly veiled.

But once in his presence, the women, and with them some married relatives likewise, were voluble enough. "Do you have the Communion before the ceremony?" "No." "Do you use the Ikleel or crown in the service?" He told them he sometimes used a ring, no crown. One of the girls, unable to restrain her curiosity, burst out, "I hear that you ask the woman if she is willing to take this man to be her husband!" He answered, "Certainly." "Well, well," interrupted one of the old wives present, "if that rule had been followed in my day, I know of one woman who would have said *No*; but they never give us Greek women any such chance!"

At last each of the young people was made to understand that when, standing beside her groom, she should be asked if she knew any reason why she should not lawfully be united to him in marriage, she was to answer No; and then, when she should be asked if she took him for her wedded husband, she was to answer Yes. These replies they repeated over and over again, to guard against mistake. And the matrimonial rehearsal concluded with the remark of the before-mentioned irrepressible matron: "I should have put my No in the right place," said she, with a suggestive shrug of the shoulders.

All this gave any amount of gossip in the neighbourhood. What caused deepest surprise was the announcement that the girl should have a right to say Yes or No. This was new doctrine for the ancient city of Heliogabalus. As was to be expected, the news soon spread through the town that on the next evening a marriage ceremony was to be performed by a Protestant minister, in which the bride was to have the privilege of refusing the man if she wished. And what was a still greater affront to ideas of propriety in Hums, it was rumoured that the wives were to walk home from the church *in company with their husbands!* This was too much; and certain of the young men threatened a mob, in case of so flagrant an assertion of woman's rights.

The day arrived, and with it such a crowd as never before filled that dwelling. With the brides came a great train of women, sheeted and veiled, carrying candles, and singing. At last the company got into place, and in a measure into silence. Here occurred a difficulty. The two brides were all covered up with veils indistinguishably. Ibrahim was slender and tall, at least six feet three; but Yunis was short and thick-set; and one of the young women was tall; and the other even shorter than Yunis. There was no relief from the embarrassment, and Dr. Jessup arranged them symmetrically, tall and tall, short and short, and went ahead.

He says he delivered a practical address, and "improved" on the occasion. No Methodist exhorter ever got more extraordinary responses than he from his Hums audience. "That is so." "That is news in *this* city." "Praise to God," exclaimed a hopeful old crone, "women are something after all, Mashullah!"

After he had concluded his harangue, he turned and began impressively, "Ibrahim, do you take——" when suddenly one of the old women cried out, "Stop, stop, Khowadji, you have got the wrong bride by that man; he is to marry the short girl!" They made a genial interchange, though it destroyed the look of the thing, and went through successfully with the mighty monosyllables without mistake. Then all waited for the crowd to disperse. But the curiosity was too great, and at last the two brother missionaries rigged up their lanterns, seized their heavy canes, and walked home, first with Ibrahim and wife, then with Yunis and wife, one on each side. And the crowd were a little afraid of the two Khowadjis with their sticks, and had to be contented with mere jokes and laughter.

Nine years after this, when on a visit to Hums, this same missionary records that these happy Christian families, with their children met him at the door of the church.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Norse Legendary Lore.

Dr. Dasent has translated a second series of popular tales from the Norse of P. Chr. Asbjörnsen. Some samples of this interesting and attractive work may prove not unwelcome to our readers.

BRUIN AND REYNARD, PARTNERS.

"Once on a time Bruin and Reynard were to own a field in common. They had a little clearing up in the wood, and the first year they sowed rye.

"'Now we must share the crop, as is fair and right,' said Reynard. 'If you like to have the root, I'll take the top.'

"Yes, Bruin was ready to do that; but whell they had threshed out the crop, Reynard got an the corn, but Bruin got nothing but roots and rubbish. He did not like that at all; but Reynard said it was how they had agreed to share it.

"'This year I have the gain,' said Reynard; 'next year it will be your turn. Then you shall have the top, and I shall have to put up with the root.'

"But when spring came, and it was time to sow, Reynard asked Bruin what he thought of turnips.

"'Aye, aye!' said Bruin, 'that's better food than corn;' and so Reynard thought also. But when harvest came Reynard got the roots, while Bruin got the turnip-tops. And then Bruin was so angry with Reynard that he put an end at once to his partnership with him."

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

A lad travelling along with a heavy keg of ale, which has been given him as wages, meets with Death.

"'The very man for my money,' said the lad. 'Thee I am glad to drink with;' and as he said this he put down his keg, and began to tap the ale into a bowl. 'Thou art an honest, trustworthy man, for thou treatest all alike, both rich and poor.'

"So he drank his health, and Death drank his health, and Death said he had never tasted such drink, and as the lad was fond of him, they drank bowl and bowl about, till the ale was lessened, and the keg grew light.

"At last, Death said, 'I have never known drink which smacked better, or did me so much good as this ale that you have given me, and I scarce know what to give you in return.' But after he had thought awhile, he said the keg should never get empty however much they drank out of it, and the ale that was in it should become a healing drink, by which the lad could make the sick whole again better than any doctor. And he also said that when the lad came into the sick man's room Death would always be there, and show himself to him, and it should be to him for a sure token if he saw Death at the foot of the bed that he could cure the sick with a draught from the keg; but if he sate by the pillow, there was no healing nor medicine, for then the sick belonged to Death."

The lad grows famous as a physician, and at last is sent for to heal the King's daughter. But there sits Death at the pillow, and he says there is no hope. Still they tell him he must cure her. So he looks again, and sees that Death is dozing. At once he makes a sign to the servants to turn the bed round so quickly that Death is left sitting at the foot, and at the same moment gives the draught, and the princess is saved.

"'Now you have cheated me,' said Death, 'and we are quits.'

"'I was forced to do it,' said the Doctor, 'unless I wished to lose land and realm.'

"'That shan't help you much,' said Death; 'your time is up, for now you belong to me.'

"'Well,' said the lad, 'what must be, must be; but you'll let me have time to read the Lord's Prayer first?'

"Yes, he might have leave to do that; but he took very good care not to read the Lord's Prayer; everything else he read; but the Lord's Prayer never crossed his lips, and at last he thought he had cheated Death for good and all. But when Death thought he had really waited too long, he went to the lad's house one night, and hung up a great tablet with the Lord's Prayer painted on it over against his bed. So when the lad woke in the morning he began to read the tablet, and did not quite see what he was about till he came to AMEN; but then it was just too late, and Death had him."

THE CHARCOAL BURNER.

This legend tells of a man whom audacity and happy accident exalt to fame and fortune very much in excess of his deserts. Buying a priest's gown and hood, he sets off to court with other priests, for the King has lost a ring, and promises rich reward to the man who shall find out the thief. Then the false priest says he will find the thief, but he must have lots of time, and reams of paper; for he must write and reckon, and track him out through many lands. But his writing and reckoning go on without result, and the King begins to look upon him as an impostor, and says that unless the thief is discovered in three days he shall lose his life.

"Now there were three of the King's servants who waited on the charcoal burner day by day in turn, and these tdree fellows had stolen the ring between them. So when one of these servants came into the room and cleared the table when he had eaten his supper, and was going out again, the charcoal-burner heaved a deep sigh as he looked after him and said:

"'THERE GOES THE FIRST OF THEM!' but he only meant the first of the three days he had still to live.

"'That priest knows more than how to fill his mouth,' said the servant, when he was alone with his fellows; 'for he said, I was the first of them.'

"The next day, the second servant was to mark what the prisoner said when he waited on him, and sure enough when he went out, after clearing the table, the charcoal-burner stared him full in the face, and fetched a deep sigh, and said,

"'THERE GOES THE SECOND OF THEM!'

"So the third was to take heed to what the charcoal-burner said on the third day, and it was all worse and no better; for when the servant had his hand on the door as he went out with the plates and dishes, the charcoal-burner clapsed his hands together, and said, with a sigh as though his heart would break,

"'THERE GOES THE THIRD OF THEM.'

"So the man went down to his fellows with his heart in his throat, and said it was as clear as day the priest knew all about it; and so they all three went into his room and fell on their knees before him, and begged and prayed he would not say it was they who had stolen the ring. If he would do this, they were ready to give him, each of them, a hundred dollars, if he would not bring them into trouble.

"Well, he gave his word, like a man, to do that and keep them harmless, if they would only give him the money and the ring and a great bowl of porridge. And what do you think he did with the ring when he got it? Why, he stuffed it well down into the porridge, and bade them go and give it to the biggest pig in the King's stye."

Of course the pig is killed, the ring found, and the renown of the wise priest and true prophet established.

Judge Grattan Swindled.

Judge Grattan, of Troy, is much annoyed if any people about his court make jokes on the subject of "five dollars or five days," and it is not to be wondered at that this should be a sore point with his Honour. It appears that during a show of the Agricultural Society a police force was placed about the grounds to prevent anyone from scaling the walls, and so avoiding the price of admission. The second day of the show a man was arrested and brought before Judge Grattan charged with entering the reserved space in a clandestine manner. "Stand up, sir," said his Honour to the prisoner, with his usual magisterial dignity. "What was you trying to stale in for, ye villain?" "Please, your Honour,——" "Hould your tongue," said his Honour, bringing his fist down upon the table with a heavy thud. "Mr. Officer, state to the court what a diabolical act the villainous rascal was engaged in when you nabbed him." The officer explained that he watched the prisoner, who was loitering outside, and suspecting the project, hid behind a tree, and saw prisoner clamber over the fence. The sentence of the Court was a fine of five dollars or five days' imprisonment, and the prisoner was much affected at hearing it, stating that he had only fifty dollars, which had been entrusted to him by his mother to pay a bill, and that if the money was not paid his mother would be sued; but his Honour was inexorable, and, at length, the prisoner drew out a piece of paper from his boot, which, after unrolling, was found to contain a fifty-dollar greenback. He passed it to the justice, who returned him forty-five dollars in change, and placed the greenback in his wallet; and the officer and prisoner withdrew. The next day the judge went to the bank to deposit, when the cashier politely informed him that the fifty-dollar greenback was a counterfeit. It immediately occurred to his Honour that the bogus officer and prisoner were "dirty swindlers." Since that time the bare mention of "five dollars, or five days" in Justice Grattan's hearing, subjects the audacious man who dares utter it to a fine for contempt of court.